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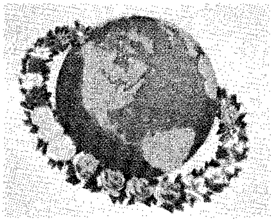

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Dear Reader:

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What do people really enjoy reading? This question, which is a constant challenge to every magazine, is sometimes solved in surprising ways. For instance, one of our editors rushed into an editorial meeting not long ago, waving a newspaper clipping. "*What a story!*" he exclaimed. "Woman in Florida lost 401 pounds. Let's do an article on her!"

One of his colleagues grimaced. "Too grotesque. Our readers won't like it." A second shook his head. "I vote no for another reason. If she'd lost 40 pounds, yes. But 400? The average reader never faces such a problem. No self-identification." Our enthusiastic editor disagreed. "That's just it," he pointed out. "I can't lose even 10 pounds. So how did she lose 400? How did she become so overweight in the first place? What did she do to reduce? How does she feel now? What do her friends think? I'm intrigued—and I'll bet our readers will be, too."

Finally, Coronet's Editorial Board decided to go ahead with it—on the ground that any story evoking such animated discussion must interest a great number of people. Result: many of you will recall Mrs. Celesta Geyer's "I Lost 401 Pounds," in our February, 1956, issue. It brought an enormous flood of mail, helping prove what we've always suspected: that readers' interest and sympathy do not necessarily depend upon similarity, that what we all seek is a chance to share a genuine emotional experience. It may be Mrs. Geyer *(left)* and her struggle against overweight, or the troubles of a shy man who is a giant (page 41), or the emotions of a young teacher *(above)* facing her first day at school (page 112). This is the very stuff of which our daily life is made. And wherever we at Coronet find it exciting and quickening our interest, we shall continue to bring it to you.

. . . Mind over matter

The Editors

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Photograph .... LEO AARONS

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
jazz
RED HOT AND COOL
Lp

I LOVE PARIS
Lp
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5 Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto
Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto
Francescatti, violin; N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos, conduct.

6 I Love Paris
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7 Jazz: Red Hot & Cool
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Always late.

Will crime save Bob Wagner?

Mean for Money

MUSCLE-MAN STUFF has helped many a young actor (Rod Steiger, Jack Palance, Richard Widmark) to get his hands on sweet-talk roles. But Robert Wagner, 20th Century-Fox's box-office bait for teen-agers, is reversing the process, switching from soft-eyed young men to money-crazed girl-killers.

His murderous metamorphosis, begun in *A Kiss Before Dying*, continues this month in Paramount's *The Mountain* (with Spencer Tracy as Wagner's older *brother*). The screen hasn't focused on such cold-blooded villainy since Widmark bounced an old lady downstairs in *Kiss of Death*. But as an actor, the six-foot, blue-eyed Wagner is still a novice, despite 14 pictures in 6 years.

Born in Detroit in 1930, Robert John Wagner ("call me R.J.") was elated when his family moved to California in 1939. He dreamed of crashing the movies, dated stage-struck girls ("We were always acting") and caddied for golfing celebrities. At 17, he brashed his way into a casting office, flubbed his lines in stage fright and fled. His father strongly urged the steel business. But by 20 R.J. had a movie contract: a talent scout spotted him piano-clowning in a Beverly Hills bistro. Wagner did 50 screen tests for experience before his first picture, *Halls of Montezuma*. R.J. denies he is cool towards everyone except VIPs: "I just like to be around people from whom I can learn." On his love life, he confides: "I go for older girls." Like Marilyn Monroe he admits, "I'm late for everything." Addicted to pink socks, noisy sports jackets and loafers. Wagner recently embarked on a recording career: "Between slaying 'em and singing to 'em, something different ought to happen. I can't go on playing Happy Jack Squirrel, that dull boy next door."

Also Recommended This Month:

HIGH SOCIETY (*MGM*). Cole Porter songs, clever casting (Grace Kelly, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra) and the background of the Newport Jazz Festival convert *The Philadephia Story* into a musical blockbuster. **WAR AND PEACE** (*Paramount*). Tolstoi's epic runs three and a half hours on the screen, crammed with characters and action. Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer and Henry Fonda keep it steadily engrossing.—MARK NICHOLS

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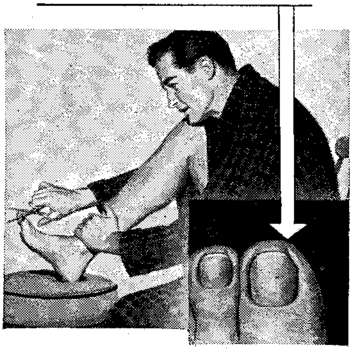

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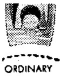

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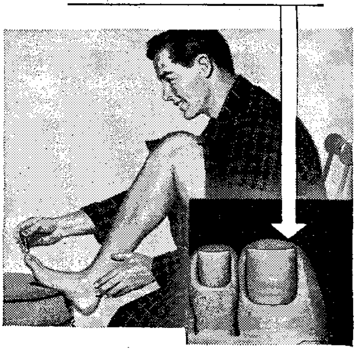

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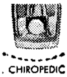

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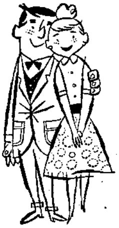

ENGAGEMENTS, LONG & SHORT: Couples engaged longer than 16 months are more likely to have premarital sexual relations than those engaged a short time (less than eight months), according to Sociologists Ernest W. Burgess and Paul Wallin. They also found in the survey of 1,000 engaged couples that premarital relations are more likely when the couples are not very religious or of different faiths; and when either partner (especially the girl) has had previous sexual experience. Couples who had premarital sexual experience claimed it strengthened their relationship, yet they broke their engagements more often than couples who had observed the conventions. All of which bolsters the truism that lengthy betrothals frequently lead to emotional complications.

ROBBIN' & ROBIN HOOD: Robin Hood's policy of robbing the rich to aid the poor would win favor in America today, judging from a recent survey of attitudes toward stealing by Erwin O. Smigel of Indiana University. He found that, while Americans generally disapprove of larceny, they think one is more justified in stealing from big business (they're insured) or the Government (part mine, anyway) than from a small business. The survey also found that the poorer a person is and the less education he's had, the more he favors stealing; and that women are more tolerant toward stealing than men.

BOY OR GIRL? Medical researcher A. B. Maxwell, of England, advances a new method of answering the eternal question: "Will it be a boy or girl?" He claims, on the basis of observations of 60 couples, that the sex of a baby usually proves to be that of the weaker parent. In the study, one group of exceptionally strong and healthy men, each married to a delicate wife, produced 75 daugh-

(Continued on page 14)

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(Continued from page 12)

ters and six sons. A second group of robust women, each with a frail husband, had 84 sons and 10 daughters. A third group in which both parents were strong and healthy showed a score of 70 heirs and 66 heiresses.

HIGHWAY NEUROTICS: Why is it that some Americans like nothing better than to jump into the old buggy and go roaring down the highway at the wildest speed they can attain? The answer, says Dr. Max Hayman of California's Compton Sanitarium, may lie in a person's desire to recapture the delights of infancy, such as being rocked, tossed, dandled or swung. Hot-rodding, drag racing and other examples of speed mania, declares Dr. Hayman, could be a form of belated revolt resulting from certain childhood problems that have never been resolved.

WHO COMMITS SUICIDE? Dr. Edwin S. Shneidman of the VA Neuropsychiatric Hospital in Los Angeles, and Dr. Norman L. Farberow of the VA Mental Hygiene Clinic, indicate that suicides come mainly from four groups: 1) Older people with no family ties trying to escape pain and suffering; 2) Religious-minded individuals seeking a transition into the hereafter; 3) People afraid to face extremely emotional situations; and 4) Persons with deep unresolved feelings of hate or guilt. Their study also reveals that two-and-a-half times as many men as women commit suicide, again refuting the term, "weaker sex."

TELLTALE SKIN: Skin-deep is about as far as medical men have to go in diagnosing the ills of some individuals, according to Dr. Brian Bird of Western Reserve University. On the basis of his work, he reports that many skin troubles result from hidden emotions such as anger, fear and frustrated love. A case of eczema, for example, may result when an apparently sweet and gentle individual inhibits his anger instead of "blowing his top." Once a patient is taught to reveal his emotions openly, and no longer relies on his skin to do his "talking," his skin condition is easier to treat and is often cleared up, says Dr. Bird.

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**Names on request from this magazine*

TWENTIETH
YEAR

Coronet

SEPTEMBER
1956

Twenty-Five Minutes to Live

by JOHNNY HARTMAN
As told to JOE AUSTELL SMALL

It was like a living nightmare—facing him, the weaving head of a deadly king cobra; behind him, the booming, murderous guns of the Japs

THE FEELING OF TERROR hit me when I saw his ugly head in the swaying Kugon grass. He was in the narrow trail that wound through the knee-high growth and passed directly beside me and the big rock.

A king cobra is an ugly looking snake under any circumstances. But when he has been made highly irritable and nervous and is gliding through the grass toward your face, your horror of him takes on fantastic proportions.

Mortar shells were bursting around us. I was lying flat on my stomach behind the rock. The snake was hunting shelter. When he saw the rock he headed straight toward it—and me. I froze, hoping he would pass on by.

He didn't.

The cobra's head was within two feet of my face when he saw me. He half recoiled, then lifted his head and flared out his hood like an opera fan, ready to strike. . .

The time was 1945, in Luzon, when we were taking the Philippines back from the Japs. I was a private with the 112th Regiment Combat Team out with a five-man patrol near a place called San Pablo.

We were progressing slowly down the slope of a grass-covered hill when the Japs opened up on us with knee-mortars. We took cover, figured their positions as well as possible, and started "home." The Japs apparently didn't know our exact location, for they were missing badly.

We strung out along the trail and started crawling back up the hill. I was the last man.

Kugon grass grows from knee-high to waist-high. You can keep pretty well hidden in even knee-high grass if you use sense. We were a seasoned team, moving up one at a time, taking it slow and easy.

I was lying behind this big rock beside the trail, waiting my turn to move up, when I saw the corporal—our front man—jump to his feet and run to one side, giving away our position. The corporal was a good man. I couldn't understand it.

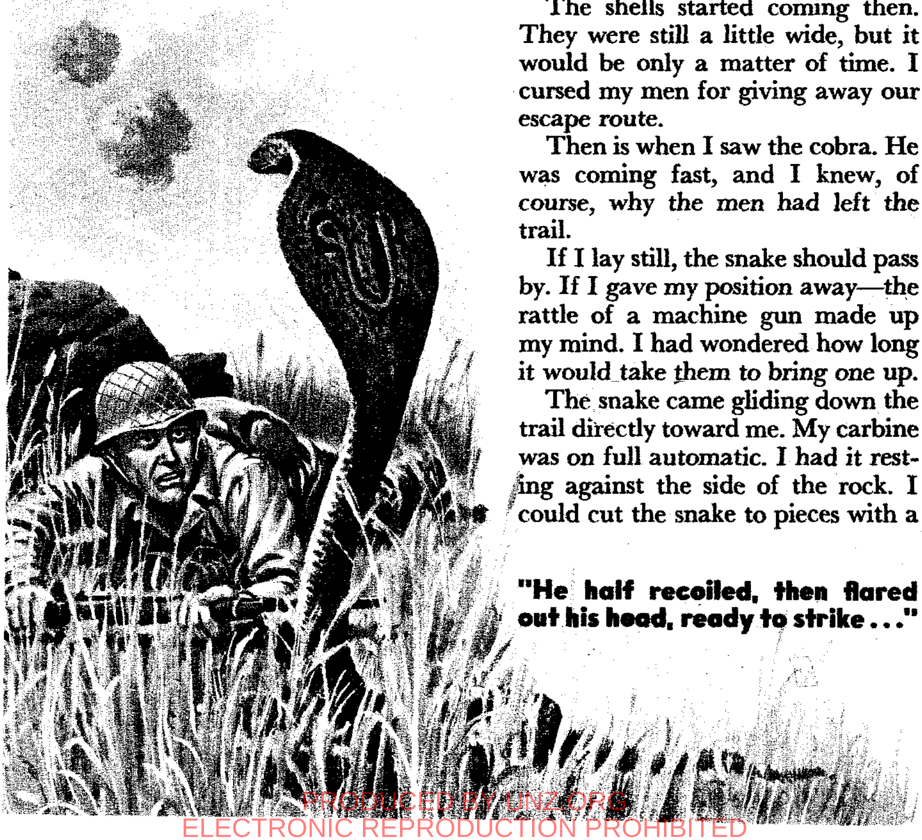
I crouched behind the rock and waited for the barrage. Then another man got up, scrambled to the side and buried himself in the tall grass. Almost immediately, our third-man-from-lead rose from his crawling position and disappeared to the left of the trail in a squatting duck waddle. The last man followed, as if the devil were after him.

The shells started coming then. They were still a little wide, but it would be only a matter of time. I cursed my men for giving away our escape route.

Then is when I saw the cobra. He was coming fast, and I knew, of course, why the men had left the trail.

If I lay still, the snake should pass by. If I gave my position away—the rattle of a machine gun made up my mind. I had wondered how long it would take them to bring one up.

The snake came gliding down the trail directly toward me. My carbine was on full automatic. I had it resting against the side of the rock. I could cut the snake to pieces with a



"He half recoiled, then flared out his head, ready to strike . . ."

burst. But it would have told the Japs exactly where I was. I decided to gamble on his passing me.

A mortar shell landed within 30 feet of the cobra. The grass waved, the ground shuddered. Startled, the snake raised his long black body as high as it would go. He waved from side to side, trying to find some antagonist at which to throw himself.

He saw the rock then, glided to within two feet of my face and stopped short when he saw me.

I prayed to God that the snake would go on.

A SHELL STRUCK a few feet behind him then. Most of my body was protected by the rock, but the concussion almost knocked him over.

In a flash, the big cobra spun and struck blindly at the motion of the grass caused by the shrapnel. I hoped desperately that he was hit.

But no such luck. He came from the strike straight for my rock.

I asked God not to let me move. A cobra's bite is almost always fatal. Generally the victim lives from 20 to 25 minutes, unless first-aid measures are taken.

I was paralyzed with fright.

The cobra glided around a protrusion in the rock and bumped into my right forearm. I was in shooting position—right elbow on the ground, sling around my left arm. He stopped.

Beads of perspiration were rolling down my face, my heart was pounding. He raised his vicious little head about four inches off the ground, watching.

Why hadn't I let the Japs kill me!

I thought of grabbing him back of the head, but my carbine and the tight sling were in my way. And his movements were like a flash. My raw nerves couldn't hold out much longer. I had to do something.

The snake ducked his head then and started moving between my elbow and my body. If I could hold out just a few more seconds.

Another mortar shell burst nearby. The snake stopped. Still some of him was under my arm. I could feel his body against my leg. He was pressing against the calf as if he wanted to get under it. His tail was still quivering in front of my face.

Suddenly, I had the feeling that I had won. All I had to do was let him under my leg. The Good Lord only knows what my reasoning was. I raised it to let him under.

I couldn't resist turning my head as I raised my leg. I was in time to see the cobra sink his fangs into it.

I rolled on my back, brought my left foot up and kicked the snake as hard as I could. He came loose and rose for another strike. I jerked my legs up to me and his strike caught the thick toe of my shoe. He hung on and chewed.

A cobra has two big fangs and a row of smaller teeth. He holds on with the longer fangs and then chews his venom into you.

In desperation I brought my other shoe down on his head with all the strength my terror-drained body could muster. The blow dazed the cobra and he started striking blindly as I scuttled backwards, crabwise, through the grass—my eyes fixed on the writhing horror that followed. In his stunned condition, he got tangled in the grass.

How I managed to crawl up the

hill without getting hit is still a mystery. Undoubtedly the Japs were pouring everything they had at me after I exposed my position. But I don't remember it. I think the horror in my mind shut out everything else.

Reaching the crest, I half crawled, half rolled down the other side. I was safe from Jap bullets, safe from the snake at last. But I had less than 25 minutes to live.

Things were like a dream from then on. My patrol had disappeared. I heard some shelling over to my left.

How long I walked, I don't know, but the first man I ran into was a Filipino medical corpsman. I told him what had happened. He did not cut the wound but bound my leg tightly. Then he started away as if he had a job to do that wouldn't wait. To me it seemed a little cruel, but in his mind I was as good as dead.

"Which way is Texas?" I called out after him.

He turned and looked at me strangely. Then: "That way—I think," he said, pointing.

"If I must die," I said, "I'm going to die trying to get home!"

My reasoning may sound like a lunatic's, but that is exactly the way I felt about it at the time.

Pretty soon I saw a first aid station. By the time I reached it my right leg was as big as my body.

They took me into the main tent and made a number of incisions that let black blood run out. That's all they did. Then they put me on a cot in a little room that was partitioned off from the main room.

As I waited for the numbness to set in, I heard them whispering to newcomers that I was dying from a cobra bite. I got sore. It had been fully 20 minutes since the snake bit me and I wasn't near dead. I began to have hope.

I got up from the cot and walked into the main room. They were sure surprised to see me.

"You put me in there to die," I said. "But I may disappoint you. Where is the field hospital?"

They told me it was hopeless. They had no transportation. They tried to hold me back but I pushed them aside. I just didn't like the idea of dying on a cot.

I started out walking. Soon I was limping. When I reached the hobbling stage, I heard the jeep. It pulled up and stopped.

I slumped down in the seat, near collapse. Somehow I felt that I must keep thinking. If I ever lost consciousness, I felt that I would die.

The ride was a nightmare. Rough roads pounded my leg unmercifully. But it had been over an hour now since the cobra struck and still I was alive! Reality and horrible dreams were hardly distinguishable, yet I knew I was alive. And life was sweet. . . .

I was barely conscious when we reached the field hospital. They rushed me into the operating room, made several more incisions and gave me dope. From the talk and the preparations, I could tell they were getting ready to amputate. I fought to keep conscious and begged them not to cut my leg off.

A young medico said, "If we don't amputate at the hip, you can't live."

"Two hours ago they said I had 25 minutes to live," I answered. "Don't cut my leg off."

An older doctor came over and sat on my bed. "It ought to come off, really," he said. He was a major.

"Sir," I told him, "I made up my mind once I was going to die. I'd rather go ahead and do it than be sent home in pieces."

He was a pretty good scout. He smiled and said they wouldn't amputate.

They did everything they could for me. For 60 days my leg nearly rotted off. But eight months after it happened, I walked ashore at San Francisco. Dear God, if you could only know how good it felt.

Why didn't I die? Maybe the snake struck so many times at the grass when the shell went off that he lost part of his deadly venom. Perhaps I had kicked him loose before he had a chance to get a good load of it into me. God only knows.

I run a dairy in Cuero, Texas, and the only physical proof I have today that once I was given 25 minutes to live is a hole in the calf of my leg the size of a teacup. That leg isn't as strong as the other, but it doesn't bother me except that it itches now and then.

They gave me the Purple Heart. I laughed when the man pinned it on. I told him I wasn't wounded. I was snake bit.

Sign Language

SIGN IN A STORE WINDOW next to a bag of "fast growing" grass seed: "Plant our seed and jump back." —KARL N. SMITH

IN A CERTAIN business establishment, signs bearing the single imperative word "Think" were posted everywhere.

Apparently the experiment in initiative didn't work very well. A few weeks later, the signs bore a new command: "Don't think, ask!" —FRANK FORDE

AN EMBITTERED OLDER EMPLOYEE of a firm, reputed for the rapid advancement of its younger men, prevailed on the owner of a bar adjacent to the building to post the following:

"No vice presidents served at this bar unless accompanied by their parents." —*Exhaust*

A SIGN in a barber shop in Tumwater, Washington, states: "Enjoy A Shave If You Don't Have Time To Listen To A Haircut." —DAVID DEUTSCH

SIGN IN THE OFFICE of a movie executive: "A halo only has to fall a few inches in order to become a noose." —ASHUR BURG

the amazing story of

It has become a national institution in the past six months. By its simple magic, millions from Alaska to Texas have lost 5 pounds in 2 days—without freak foods, gimmicks or exercise

Like most editors, we at Coronet feel that the problems of our readers are our problems too. And one of the weightier ones is the problem of diet. It is a subject that has furnished us with much food for thought. And in thinking it through we have invariably come to this conclusion: with the majority of us who wish to lose weight, dieting is as much a tussle with morale as it is with calories.

As a result we have always been on the alert for a dramatic morale builder—a Blitz Diet, as it were, that would speedily vanquish excess poundage and, by assuring quick victory in the first skirmish, encourage recruits to the Battle of the Bulge.

Our quest, however, seemed rather hopeless. For not only did we insist on a diet that was simple and safe, but one that also provided plenty to eat—and, because it was so tasty, made dieting fun. Then late last winter we suddenly found it—tucked away as a chapter in a book by Ruth West paradoxically entitled, "Stop Dieting! Start Losing!" and slated for publication by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Miss West's anti-poundage program looked perfect. No drugs. No exercise. No freak foods. The basic ingredients of her diet were cottage cheese—a generous pound and a half a day—and fruit, topped off, if you wished, with Norwegian flat bread (Ry-Krisp is equally good), butter, cinnamon and sugar, coffee or tea. And in two days this regimen guaranteed to make you lose *not less than two pounds—and as much as five pounds.*

Since everything that appears in Coronet is always carefully researched, we made no exception of Miss West's diet. Therefore, several of our secretaries—who evidenced the need—volunteered to try the diet over the weekend. They returned on Monday minus five pounds of the evidence, plus a unanimous verdict for cottage cheese. And as if we needed further proof, one of our better-fed editorial colleagues, who has not had a truly vertical view of his shoes in the past five years, also embarked on the diet, and returned

the Blitz Diet

smiling and beaming at his midriff. It no longer bore an acute resemblance to a medicine ball. It rather looked more like a modest basketball.

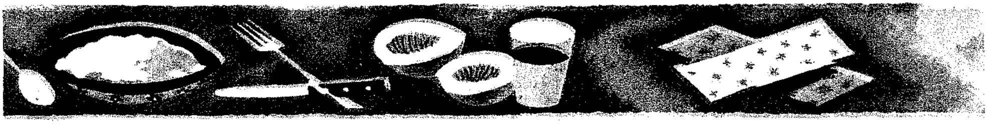
That did it. We published the Blitz Diet in the March, 1956, issue of CORONET.

We were prepared for quite a reaction. But not like the one we got. The Blitz was atomic. No diet in the past three decades ever had so much impact on the calorie-counters of America.

Within 48 hours, almost every newsstand in America was completely sold out of CORONET. We rushed out all the extra issues we had. But it didn't begin to suffice. CORONET became a collector's item. Some of the more fleet-footed collectors managed to acquire copies from barber shops, beauty parlors, clubs, lounges and dentists' offices. And thousands of our regular subscribers suddenly found themselves over-subscribed with friends.

In Virginia, the owner of a dairy solidified his hold on his lone copy of CORONET — and his customers' good will—by a simple device. He hired an extra telephone operator, called his patrons and had the Blitz Diet read to them over the phone. In Maine, a housewife who was studying to be a stenographer mimeographed 25 copies for her friends—on condition that they provide her with enough cottage cheese to remove the results of her sitting too much at her desk. And in Texas, a beauty parlor operator really proved that she knew her clientele. Not only did she post the diet in her window, but she installed a huge refrigerator for customers who brought their cheese along with them for lunch.

The run on cottage cheese was quite as spectacular as the run on CORONET, except that cows are less rigid than printing presses and managed to meet the demand. As one wholesaler told Arthur Stein, our publisher, "We sold more cottage cheese in a day than we ordinarily sell in a month. Never have I seen so much cheese demolished in so short a time." Nor was he the only one. Our phones were swamped with



calls from producers, wholesalers, distributors, retailers—and even farmers—who insisted on sharing their amazement with us. One dairy operator in Minnesota even went so far as to confide: "Been making the stuff for 30 years, but could never get myself to taste it till yesterday. Say, you know—cottage cheese is good!"

As Miss West pointed out, cottage cheese is a near-perfect food. It is milk in solid form, with nearly all the fat removed. And, though it contains few calories, it has more protein per calorie and more balanced nutrients than any other ready-prepared dish. Naturally the dairymen knew this. But apparently many dieters didn't. When they found out, mounds of cottage cheese melted away from store refrigerators like snowballs on a hot tin roof.

In one California college, coeds formed a Cottage Cheese Club, pledged to the abolition of the girdle. In Connecticut, a charity bazaar committee voted to give away five pounds of cottage cheese as a door prize. And throughout the country, cottage cheese burgeoned on restaurant menus that had never featured it before. Nobody knows how many pounds were sold. "Because," as an industry spokesman explained in a happy daze, "we were just plain too busy to count."

Just as busy were the purveyors of Norwegian flat bread. Unlike Italian spaghetti and other foreign foods that have become naturalized Americans, flat bread remains native to Norway. It is imported in fair quantity, and is mostly popular with smörgåsbord and health food fanciers. That is, until it was recommended in the Blitz Diet. Then, almost overnight, it seemed that all America was eating it. And Alaska, too. In fact, among the hundreds of telephone calls we received was one from a sad citizen of Anchorage, who lamented (at $9 for three minutes—plus tax): "I can't get any more flat bread up here for love or money. Maybe you could intercede with the Norwegian trade commission."

It wouldn't have done much good. For by this time every importer in America had ordered every slice of flat bread the Norwegian bakers could produce. But Norwegian production couldn't keep up with American ingestion.

As for Ruth West—the author in whose book we found the Blitz Diet: "I'm becoming a literary fat cat," she says. Which is author's slang for saying that a book is doing fine. And so it is. Before we published the diet, Miss West's book was moseying along in its first printing. Today, six months later, it is tearing through its fifth printing.

That's the story of the diet that

When dieters got going, the run on cottage cheese and flat bread became an unprecedented stampede

enabled millions to lose five pounds in two days. Because of its remarkable effectiveness, we have been besieged by requests to reprint it. So for those of you who missed it in CORONET the first time, or have just returned from a too e-x-p-a-n-s-i-v-e summer vacation, here it is again:

THE BLITZ DIET

Eight ounces of fresh creamed cottage cheese; two or three Elberta peach halves and juice (Diet-Sweet puts them up, Sucaryl-sweetened). Also, if you like, two pieces of Ry-Krisp or Norwegian flat bread (Kavli or Ideal) spread with butter, cinnamon and sugar, toasted under a broiler. Coffee or tea.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner are the same for two days. And that's it.

As Miss West points out in her book, instead of the peaches you may substitute any kind of fresh fruit that you prefer or a few stewed prunes or apricots. Sweeten them as much as you wish with Sweeta or Sakrin or Sucaryl. These synthetics contain no calories. But if you don't eat at least one orange or half-grapefruit during the day, take some vitamin C, since this is the one vitamin your body can't store up.

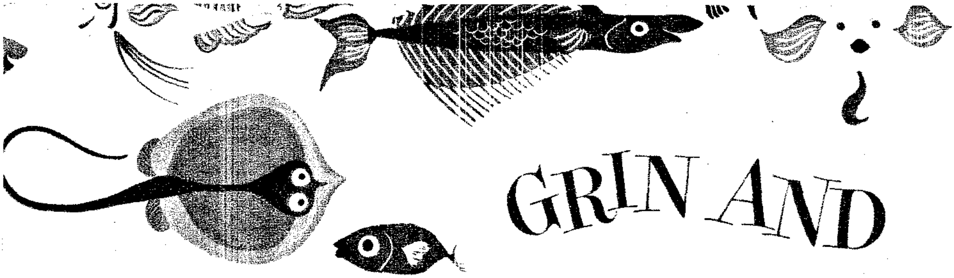
The fruit gives you the fibrous bulk that you need, along with natural fruit sugar. It also gives the cottage cheese a wonderfully provocative taste, so that you feel you're eating a dessert as well as a main course. It's extremely satisfying, too. No hunger pangs. The reason, Miss West points out, is that one day on the Blitz Diet is equivalent to the nourishment of: a breakfast of four eggs, eight rashers of bacon and three slices of toast; a lunch consisting of three lamb chops, a glass of milk, roll and butter—and a sirloin steak bigger than most restaurants serve, for dinner.

But why do you lose weight? Because of the protein magic of the cottage cheese. It has a flushing effect on your waterlogged tissues, accelerates your rate of metabolism, and slows up your production of poundage.

Because it's so congenial, so attractive, so satisfying, so good, few people find this diet tiresome. On the contrary—it's habit-forming. Many of our readers kept right on the diet for one or two meals a day, for several days.

And it's a wonderful feeling to be able to shed those few pounds in just two days. And you can.

So start eating. And happy waistline!



GRIN AND

A WEALTHY MAN was showing a friend he hadn't seen in many years through his new mansion. When they came to the rumpus room with walls of glass behind which were hundreds of brilliantly colored tropical fish, the host asked proudly, "How do you like this?"

"It's a wonderful room," was the awed reply, "but the wallpaper is driving me crazy!"

—*The Pure Oil News*

THE LATE Professor Raymond Weaver once asked his English literature class at Columbia: "Please write down the name of the book you have read for this course that you liked the least."

When the class had complied, he ordered: "Now try to set forth on paper to what defects in yourself you attribute this sad lack of appreciation."

—BENNET CERF, *Try & Stop Me* (Simon & Schuster)

* * *

SHORTLY AFTER a housewife had instructed her new maid how to answer the telephone, it rang. The maid answered, "Yes 'm." She said, "Yes 'm," again. Then she said, "It shore is," and hung up.

Soon the telephone rang once more and the maid answered, "Yes 'm." Then she said, "Yes 'm" again; then, "It shore is." And she hung up.

After this had happened a third time, the lady asked the maid who was calling. The maid said, "A lady asked me if this was your residence, and I said, 'Yes 'm.' She asked me if you was here, and I said, 'Yes 'm.' She then said, 'It is long distance from Washington.' And I said, 'It shore is.' "

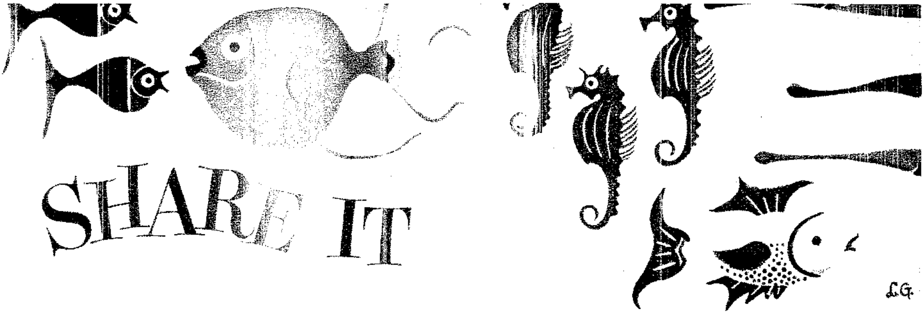
—MARIANNE LAUMAN

WHEN THE PHILOSOPHER Martin Buber was visiting in Munich, a woman who seemed to have nothing better to do asked him to tell her the difference between time and eternity. Buber stroked his white beard, looked at the woman critically and replied, "My lady, even if I would take the time to try to explain it to you, it would take an eternity for you to comprehend it!"

—*Revue, Munich* (*Quote*)

ACTOR CHARES LAUGHTON was once making a movie that had in its cast a very small infant. One day the baby started to cry. After the other actors had tried unsuccessfully to soothe it, Laughton took the child into the corner and began whispering into its ear. The howling stopped and the baby fell asleep.

Mystified, everyone asked how he did it. Somewhat diffidently Laugh-



SHARE IT

ton explained, "I just recited the Gettysburg Address. You know, it has such a wonderful rhythm to it."

—KURT SINGER, *The Laughton Story* (John C. Winston Co.)

A GENTLEMAN was riding on a bus along Riverside Drive in New York. Behind him sat a well-dressed man with a boy of eight or nine.

"Dad," said the boy, "what kind of a boat is that in the river?"

"Sorry, son," said his dad, "I don't know."

A little later the youngster asked, "What's that big monument?"

"You got me there, boy!"

Still a little later, "Look at that great big bridge! Which one is it?"

"Stumped me again, fella!"

The boy thought a moment, then asked: "Dad, you don't mind me asking so many questions, do you?"

"Of course not, my boy," said his father. "How else are you ever going to learn?"

—LEWIS STONE

A SAILOR just home from the South Seas was telling his friends about a terrific fight he had with a shark. He described how he'd been swimming naked in a small lagoon and the huge shark had suddenly come upon him. Then he related how he had taken a small pocket knife out of his pants and slain the monster by jabbing the knife into a vital spot.

"But how could you take a knife out of your pants when you didn't have any clothes on?" asked a skeptic.

"You don't want a story," exclaimed the disgusted sailor. "What you want is an argument."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A MILLIONAIRE RAILROADER and founder of a university suffered financial reverses in his later years. His wife therefore expressed surprise at the long list of bequests he included in the will he was showing her.

"You don't have that much money, do you?" she asked.

"No," admitted the railroader, "but a man in my position could scarcely leave less."

—*Bellefontaine* (Ohio) *Examiner*

* * *

"ME SLEPT WITH Daddy, last night," said the small child, excitedly, to the kindergarten teacher.

"*I* slept with Daddy last night," the teacher corrected.

"Well, then," said the child, "you must have come in after I went to sleep."

—*Ram Buller*

Princess Meg and the fun-loving Rev. Phipps share a theater box.

England's Jolly Parson

by Graham Fisher

Cambridge undergraduates heading for their rooms in Bishop's Hostel, just off the great court of Trinity College, glanced approvingly at the attractive girl in a leopard-skin coat making her way up the worn stone steps of D-block.

"She's a good-looker," observed one. "Wonder who she's come to see."

The "good-looker" was Princess Margaret, who had driven over from Sandringham House, the Royal Family's country home 55 miles away, to pay an informal call on the handsome, high-spirited young college chaplain who is latest in the long line of eligibles to play escort to her.

Nearly two score young men, mostly wealthy or blue-blooded, have been at various times hot favorites for the hand of Britain's attractive 26-year-old princess. The list has ranged from Lord Dalkeith, heir to the Duke of Buccleuch's vast Scottish estates, to baby-faced Billy Wallace who collects jazz records;

The newest favorite for Princess Meg's hand is a tall, handsome cleric who dances a slick samba, squires her to parties—and advises her on religion

and from Lord Porchester, heir to the Earl of Carnarvon, to Peter Townsend, the World War II air ace.

A newly recognized contender is Reverend Simon Wilton Phipps, Guards officer turned parson, whose unconventional behavior occasionally brings frowns to the foreheads of staider members of both college and clergy.

Phipps, a tall, fair-headed jutting-jawed young man of 34 has known Margaret since they were children. His father, Captain William Duncan Phipps, was gentleman usher-in-ordinary at the court of her father and, since his death, has held the same position in her mother's household.

This merry young cleric who dances a slick samba and has played the role of a maiden aunt on stage, has been squiring Margaret to the theater, parties and hunt balls for several years, though their friendship was largely overlooked in the publicity given to romantic figures like Peter Townsend.

Only in recent months have his frequent excursions from Cambridge to London for an evening out with Britain's slim (23-inch waist), trim (33-inch bust) pocket-sized princess been noted in London newspapers. It began when television cameras, peeking in on Margaret's visit to the Covent Garden ballet, found Phipps seated beside her and set viewers to wondering who he was.

The gay, sophisticated young minister was one of the select few to attend Margaret's 21st birthday celebration at Balmoral Castle in 1951.

The following year he was a guest at most of the house parties given in her honor when she spent a ten-day holiday along the Scottish border. Indeed, it was the unobtrusive Phipps who met her when she arrived at Berwick and on Sunday motored her to church in a 19-year-old borrowed car.

It was around this time that Phipps confided: "Margaret is very pretty. Her photographs do not do her justice."

He was a personal guest of the Royal Family at the coronation of Elizabeth II; and, while a curate in the northern town of Huddersfield, Margaret turned up to see him.

She had promised to attend a dance Phipps was organizing there to raise money to restore the tower of the parish church. Tickets—at $9 each—sold like hot cakes, once it was known that Margaret would be present. But the death of her grandmother, Queen Mary, caused the function to be cancelled. Instead, Margaret attended morning service at St. Peter's Church where Phipps was curate.

It is generally believed in Britain—and those who know Phipps best support the story—that it was to him the Princess turned for advice in the duty versus love controversy last

The gay Mr. Phipps in a solemn mood.

year over her romantic attachment to Peter Townsend. The young parson was duly upset when a columnist in the London *Daily Express* wrote that he had had "considerable influence with Margaret during her crisis."

Certainly Phipps is just the right mixture of well-bred man-about-town and religious adviser to whom Margaret would find it easy to turn for help and sympathy.

Since her break with Townsend, she has twice driven to Cambridge to visit Phipps at Bishop's Hostel. Accompanied the second time by her mother, Margaret lunched with him in the big L-shaped room with its crucifix above the desk, military prints on the walls and modern record-player beneath one window.

The military prints are a reminder that Phipps was not always a man of peace. When World War II broke out, he gave up his studies to enlist in the famed royal regiment, the Coldstream Guards. He fought in Tunisia and Italy, became a company commander, was twice wounded and was awarded the Military Cross for "outstanding gallantry and devotion to duty."

The second wound was acquired when his company was ordered to advance through the main defensive minefield of the Argenda Gap and capture a bridge over a canal in the face of heavy German mortar fire.

Organizing the advance, Phipps visited each platoon in person. Then, just as they were about to start, he stepped on a mine. Nevertheless, he spurred the men on.

The War Office citation received with the Military Cross stated: "By his great example and coolness in the face of danger, he managed to keep his company going forward to its objective."

The war behind, Phipps resumed his studies at Cambridge, took his Bachelor of Arts degree and became president of Footlights Society, a student body dedicated to "wine, *wit* and song."

At a formal dinner during Lent, when clergymen usually abstain from drinking, he preferred to break his abstinence rather than make everyone else feel uncomfortable by declining to drink the toasts with them. It is that kind of unorthodox action which brings frowns his way.

So do the cocktail parties he sometimes gives in his rooms at the Hostel, and the fact that, while wearing his clergyman's dog-collar, he will perform an energetic samba at college dances.

His staider colleagues shake their heads, too, at the frolicsome lyrics and skits he still writes for the college revues. Often his lyrics poke fun at his own vocation and bring howls of laughter from student audiences.

Last year, dressed in mock angelic robes and carrying a harp, he pranced on the stage in the annual college revue to sing a ditty he had written satirizing college life and customs, while in another skit he appeared as a maiden aunt.

Talented as both an actor and lyric-writer, it seemed at one time that Phipps might make the stage his career. Thus, his friends were surprised when he decided to take holy orders.

From Trinity he went to a theological college, and in 1950 received his first appointment—as a low-paid curate to St. Peter's, Huddersfield, where he found life vastly different from the carefree atmosphere of Cambridge.

College friends who had known him mainly as a musical revue enthusiast—and society debutantes to whom he was a polished escort—were amazed at the earnest way in which he tackled his new vocation. He soon showed that he was going to be no mere pulpit parson. He moved among the poor and the sick; visited hospitals to comfort the dying.

"That's something I could never have done before the war," he said. "Hospitals always used to upset me."

But he did not lose his natural lightheartedness, his belief that religion should be gay, not gloomy. His homilies written for the church magazine were often phrased in witty verse.

A skit on Britain's Foreign Office which he wrote about this time was used by his cousin, comedienne Joyce Grenfell, in her London revue. Margaret went to see the show and, afterward, on to Joyce Grenfell's apartment over a candy store in Chelsea, where the Princess sat on the floor and stuck her top teeth over her bottom lip to give a first-rate impersonation of her famous hostess.

The young cleric's social connections made him eagerly sought after by Huddersfield's wealthy set. But he continued to hobnob with the poor as much as with the rich and was popular with everyone. The church verger observed that, "he never looked down on or talked down to anyone."

Since 1953, Meg's jolly parson has brought the same serious-minded,

Wearing lay garb, Phipps (*second from right*) attends a pageant in Scotland.

yet light-hearted, approach to his job as chaplain of Trinity College.

The position, which includes looking after the college's 16th-century chapel and conducting prayers morning and evening, is one that can be as easygoing or hard-working as the chaplain makes it. Phipps certainly works hard at it, taking a personal interest in the 731 British and overseas students.

He calls them by their first names, and scarcely an evening passes without a crowd turning up at his rooms. Sometimes these evening sessions are serious discussions; sometimes they turn into gay, boisterous parties, with sherry and cocktails handed 'round. On these occasions, the students make free with his record collection, persuade him to accompany his own sophisticated revue numbers at the piano or roar heartily at his comic impersonations.

Phipps has a remarkable gift of mimicry—a talent he shares with Princess Margaret—and can do superb take-offs of such personalities as Sir Winston Churchill and actor John Gielgud.

His range of friends is as wide as his taste in music (which ranges from the classics to boogie-woogie). They include debutantes, Roman Catholic priests, actors, socialites, students.

To complete the foursome when Margaret and her mother dropped in for lunch, Phipps invited red-headed Jonathan Miller, the undergraduate medical student who has been hailed as "a second Danny Kaye." Margaret had seen Miller in the Footlights Society revue to which Phipps took her when it played at London's Scala Theater.

It was Phipps, too, who first took the Princess to see "Salad Days." Music for the long-running British show was written by Julian Slade, another one-time member of the Footlights Society.

Since Margaret's two visits to Phipps in his rooms at Cambridge, the town has been full of speculation. As one bowler-hatted college servant put it: "Mr. Phipps, sir? A very nice man—a real gent. He'll do the Princess a lot more good than some of these weak-kneed young men she sometimes knocks around with."

Explanations ℞ in Order

A MAN, bawled out by his employer for chronic tardiness, gave this ingenious excuse: "Well, boss, you've drilled me so thoroughly about never watching the clock here at the office that I've lost the habit at home."

—JAMES BOND

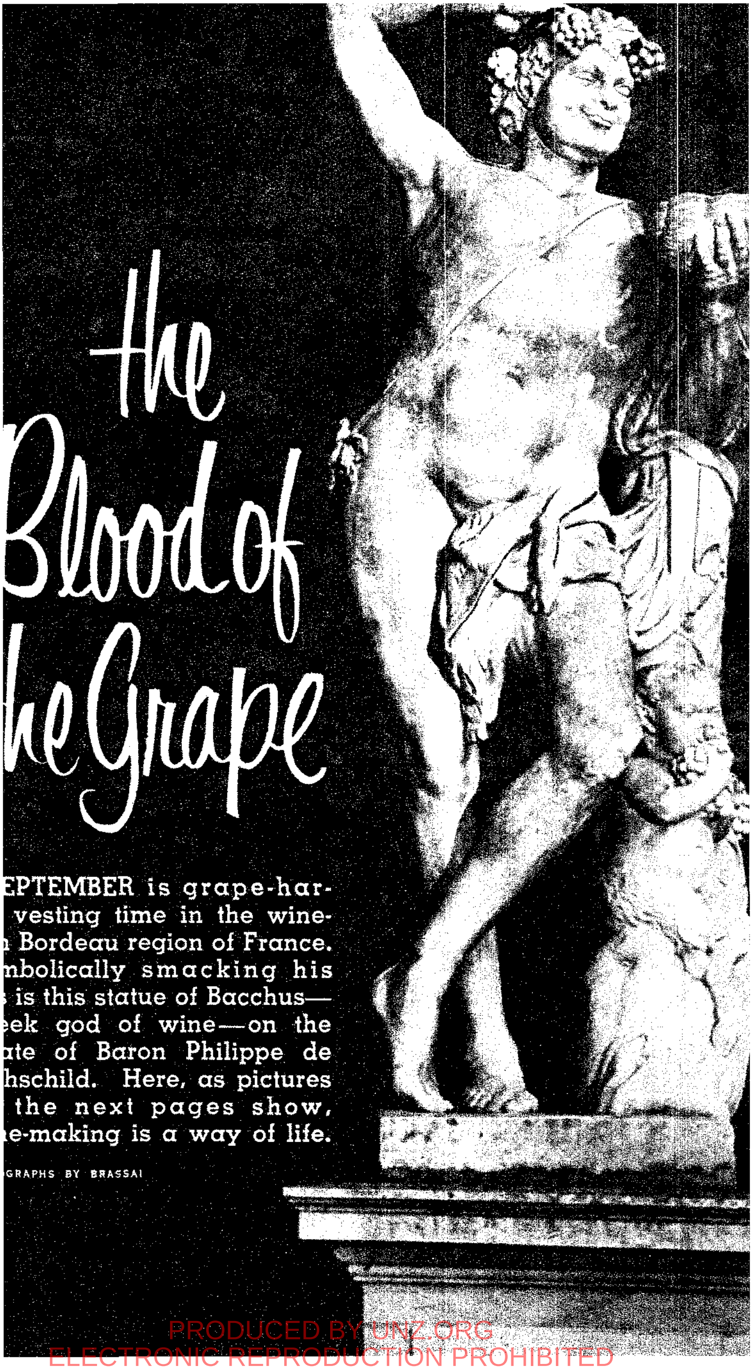
A BUSINESSMAN, asked if he liked intelligent girls, replied, "I like a girl with a good head on my shoulder."

A. M. A. Journal

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, the famous conductor, explains why he refuses to hire female musicians.

"If they're pretty," he says, "they distract my male musicians. If they're not pretty, they distract me!"

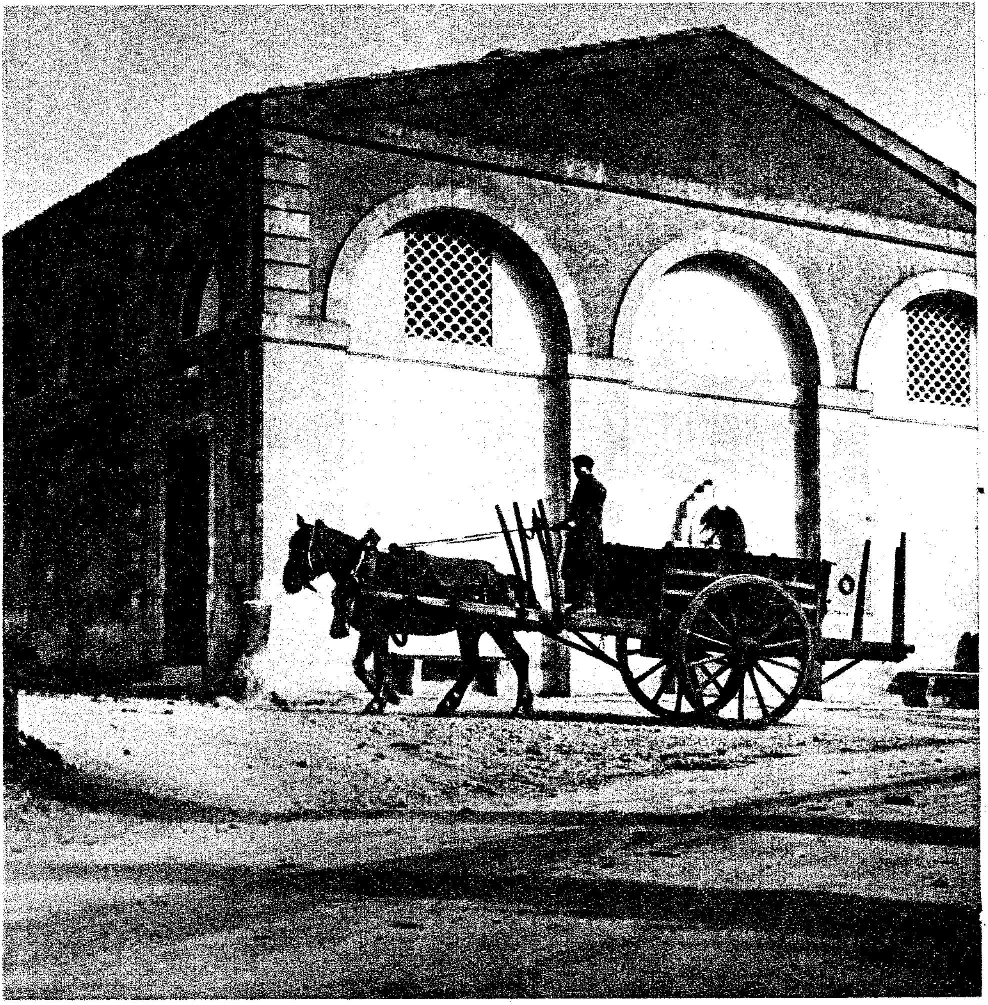
—Irish Digest



the Blood of he Grape

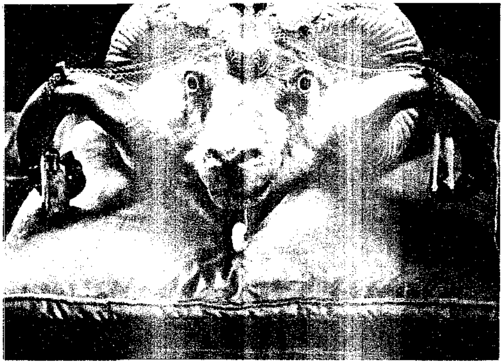
EPTEMBER is grape-harvesting time in the wine- Bordeau region of France. mbolically smacking his is this statue of Bacchus—eek god of wine—on the ate of Baron Philippe de hschild. Here, as pictures the next pages show, e-making is a way of life.

GRAPHS BY BRASSAI



Driven by a peasant in a beret, a cart arrives to take workers to the field . . . while

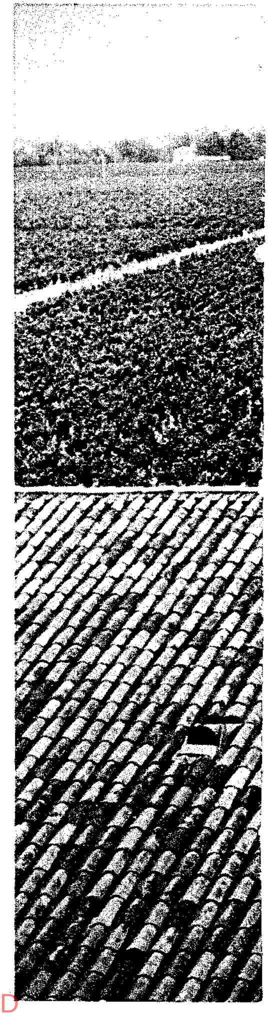
the watchman keeps on snoozing.



Estate emblem—a ram's head on a pillow.

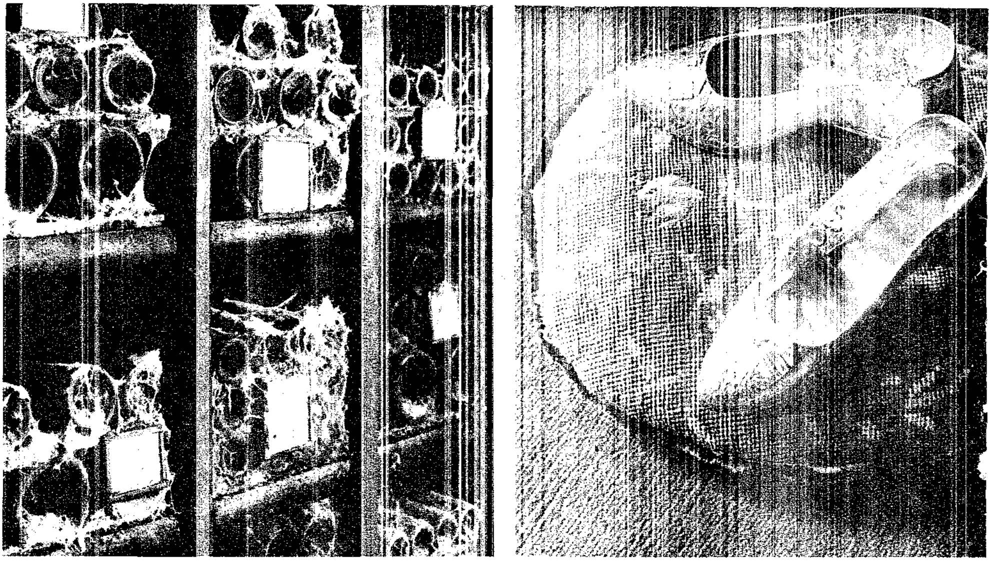
FRANCE produces half the wines of the world; and among the finest, say connoisseurs, are those from the Bordeaux region in southwest France—a sun-spangled crescent of vineland on either side of the Rivers Garonne and Dordogne. Some of the wines, such as Médoc, St. Emilion, Graves and Sauternes, have been famed for centuries. The perfect combination of various soils and climate gives them a remarkable range of virtuosity—from the delicate, almost feminine reds to the sweet, robust whites. Famed, too, are the ancient châteaux, which have given their names to some of these wines. Among the more celebrated is the Château Mouton-Rothschild, where fine wine has been produced for 500 years.

Grapes just gathered from the fields are crammed into large vats by a worker before being removed to the château.



Viewed from the tiled château roof (*at right*), fields stretch out in blossoming rows for nearly 150 acres. Their grapes become Mouton-Rothschild and Mouton-d'Armailhacq wines.

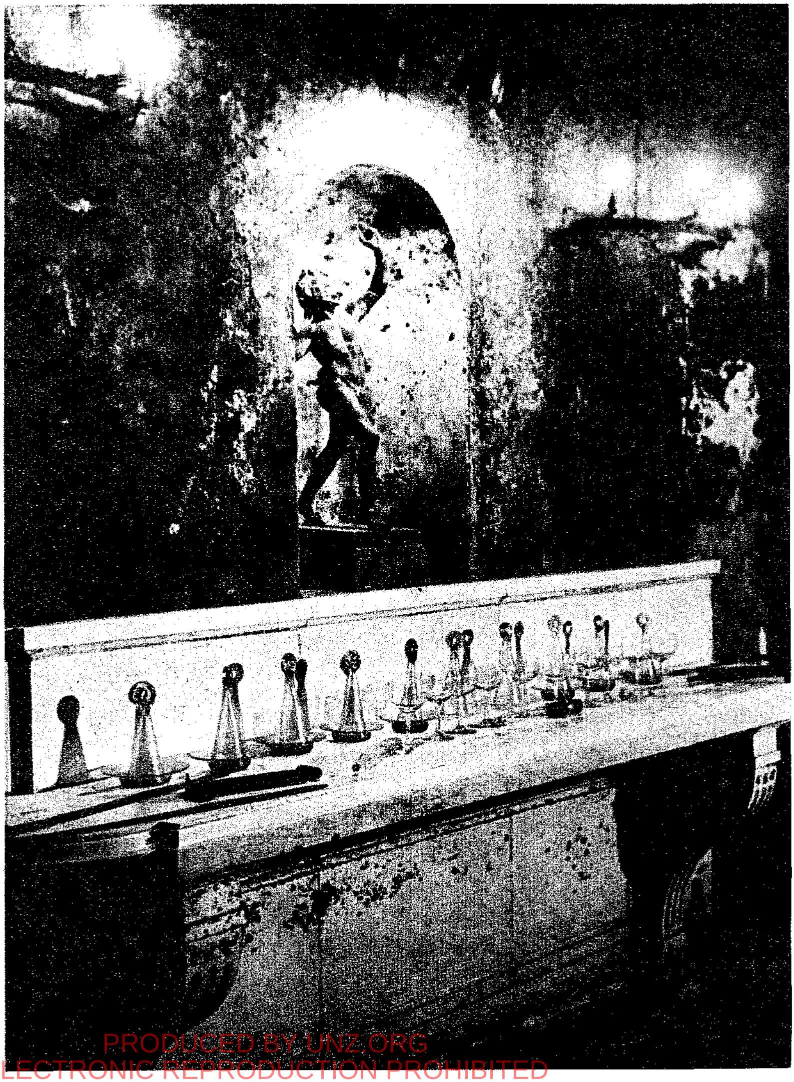
During the three-week harvest period, workers toil around the clock, cutting, transporting and crushing the berries. Each château feeds its own crew, and houses the itinerants; and for added incentive hands out two bottles of wine daily to everyone. The harvest ends with a gay outdoor feast of rabbit or beef roasted over open fires and a dance called the Chiouli-Chiouli.

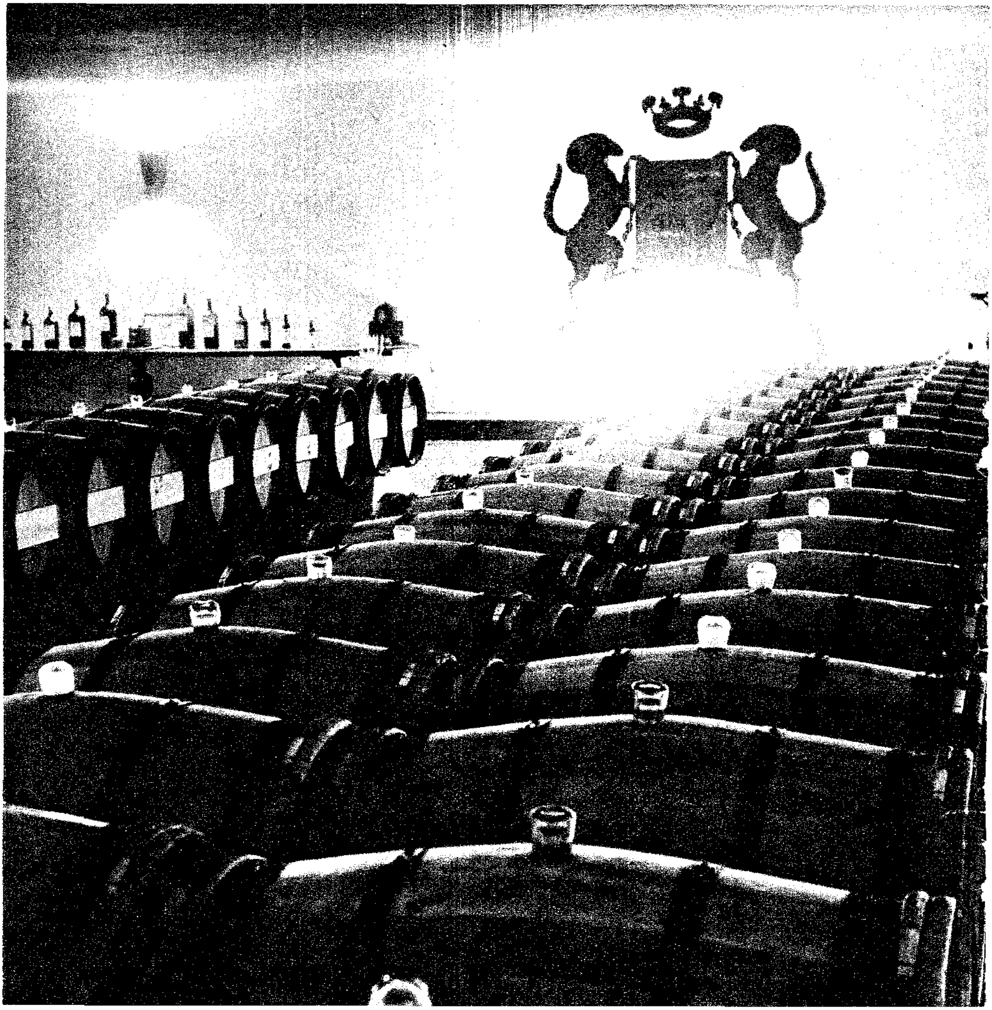


Cobwebbed bottles repose in the museum cellar, while on a cushion nearby lie the traditional silver slippers from which the vintage wine is quaffed.

Wielding rakes, workers separate the clusters. In making white wine, the grapes are pressed hydraulically, then the juice is left to ferment. Red wine grapes, on the other hand, are left to ferment in their skins.

A STATUE of Bacchus from ancient Pompeii and a set of antique tasting glasses stand at the entrance to the wine cellar. Last year's vintage has intrigued connoisseurs, who say it may equal the year 1900, the finest of this century.





"I'm eight-foot-five and hate every inch." The world's tallest man tells how he has suffered . . .

the TORMENT of a GIANT

by TED EVANS
As told to MARTIN ABRAMSON

AS THE PRETTY GIRL with dark hair walked through the crowd in front of the Baltimore railroad depot, I did what almost any normal single man of 30 would do—I paused and glanced at her. Her face froze. "Let's get away from that monster," I heard her whisper to her companion. Embarrassed, I got out of there as fast as I could. For the rest of that day, the same old torment raged through my mind: "Why can't I be treated like other people . . . why did God make me this way?"

I am the man the side-show barker points at when he shouts into his megaphone, "Come in and see the tallest man in the world." I am eight-foot-five—and I've learned to hate every inch. I dream only of the day when I can afford to quit being a freak on exhibition. Staring up at me on the midway, you probably think of me as a huge, arrogant man, lording it over ordinary people. The truth is, I have an inferiority complex bigger than my 420-pound body.

When the show season is on, I at least have the traveling companionship of other side-show performers who, because of their own deformities, are tolerant of mine. But when winter comes and I go back to the trailer I own in Florida, I practically live the life of a hermit. For I can't stand being ridiculed in the streets.

All the "strange people" you see in the side shows have their prob-

Pituitary gland malfunction shot his height up a foot at 16. (*Above*), 23, he tops 7′7″.

lems, but none like the giant. I am always bashing my head against the tops of doorways, elevator fans and chandeliers; I can't even stand up straight in my trailer. I have to drive my car from the back seat, after first removing the front seat. I can't get into a bathtub, telephone booth, or Pullman berth, and I need two beds stretched end to end when I sleep in a hotel. All my clothes must be specially made at extra cost —a suit, $275; my size 24 shoes, $125 a pair.

My size makes it difficult for me to climb up and down stairs or to get around easily. Once, when I tried to play ball with some circus people, I fell and hurt my back so badly I have to wear a brace.

Even eating is a big problem. When I am with the show, I can get enough. But, on my own, I often have to go hungry because I can't afford to buy all I need. For example, "enough" food for me in an average day includes: 3½ pounds of meat, two quarts of milk, six eggs, a loaf and a half of bread, a couple of pounds of potatoes, at least two oranges, several dishes of vegetables and—for snacks—about ten hot dogs.

Physical problems, however, are almost minor when compared to a giant's emotional torment. Midgets marry one another and raise happy families; the Fat Man goes out with the Fat Lady. But there are few, if any, lady giants around. I've always prayed for a wife and children of my own; yet, when even six-foot girls give me the cold shoulder, I have to admit to myself that the odds indicate that I'll never get married.

Although I have learned to adjust to the fact that I'm a freak, I'll never get used to thoughtless strangers on the street calling me names like "Gorilla," "Giraffe," "Frankenstein."

Youngsters are told to kick me

in the shins to see if I'm wearing stilts or to trip me so their elders can get a laugh out of seeing a giant fall on his face. Teen-agers often stare through the windows of my trailer at night and make so much noise I can't sleep. Mothers point me out to their children and tell them to behave "or that bogey man will get you."

One mother even came up to me in Los Angeles and said, "My children won't listen to me today; please scare them by threatening to take them off to your giant's cave."

It seems that most everyone's ideas about men who are unnaturally tall have been twisted by nursery stories, old wives' tales and Greek mythology, in which the giant is forever damned as the hulking villain in need of a comeuppance. As a result, even the families of giants have been known to treat their sons as outcasts or hide them away in institutions. In my own case, my family was so ashamed of me they turned me out. Except for one sister who writes me regularly, I have no family any more. I have only former relatives whom I'll never be able to forgive or forget.

It hurts to recall the past, because I grew up as a normal child—the only boy in a family of five children, born to Cockney parents in Middlesex, England. My mother died when I was a baby, and my father, a construction worker, made barely enough for us to live on. But my sisters doted on me. I went to school until I was 16, then took a job driving a bulldozer. I had plenty of friends in those days, went to parties and dances, and had no really important worries about the future.

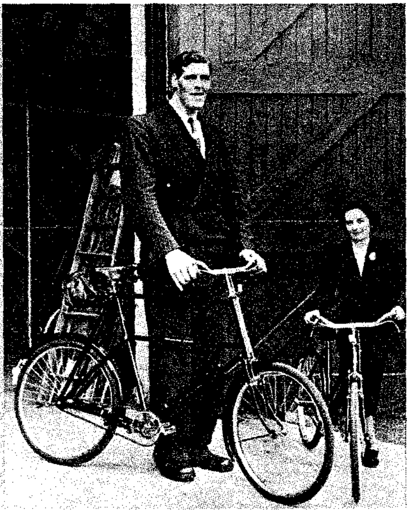
Suddenly, for no reason any doctor has been able to explain, my pituitary gland went wild. In one year, I shot up from five-foot-ten to six-foot-ten. I continued growing steadily until 24, when I reached my present height.

They tried injections and medicines of every sort to stop the pituitary secretions. I bought "magic" potions and "growth-killing" herbs. They only gave me indigestion. I went around with my head bent practically into my chest, but that didn't help either. I even tried a starvation diet on the theory that the body which doesn't get nourishment can't grow. All it did was make me sick and, when the doctors told me it would have no effect on the pituitary, I went back to eating regularly. Nothing helped.

Friends and neighbors now took to pointing and staring at me as if I'd just dropped down from Mars. Strangers came from other towns to see the "freak." Dances became a nightmare. I remember dancing with one girl I'd known a long time and accidentally stepping on her foot. "Be careful!" she shouted. "You have a foot like an elephant's." Girls began to shy away from me, and the fellows I used to hang out with began making all kinds of excuses to avoid me.

I still had my job—but not for long. It was becoming increasingly difficult for my growing legs to operate the gears and the brake pedals on the bulldozer. One day I rammed it into a tree. That night I was fired.

I had grown too tall for the military service, but a kindly officer waived the rules after I begged to be accepted. Within six months, however, I had outgrown the largest uniform they could find and I was discharged. Since the war was still on, people seeing me in civilian clothes continually made bitter remarks about a big guy like me not being in the army like others my age.



Regular suits, shoes, shirts are too small for Ted; they, like bike, are custom made.

I served for a while as a Civil Defense guard. Then, when I grew to seven-and-a-half feet, they let me go, too. I tried to get other work, but nobody would hire me. I took to hanging around the house, sulking and brooding. My sister Peggy gave me encouragement; my father and my other three sisters were annoyed. The girls kept making remarks about how it hurt them socially to have a "freak" in the family. My father kept grumbling that he couldn't afford my "enormous" appetite. Finally, he told me I ought to look for a job in London.

"You just want me to get out of here forever, don't you?" I shouted. They didn't answer. So I packed my things and stormed out. It was not until I got to the railroad depot that it dawned on me I was never coming back. When I realized it, I broke down and cried like a baby.

In London, I found a boxing promoter who taught me something about fighting and got me a lot of professional bouts. But I was so bad that the athletic commission revoked my license on the grounds that I was not an athlete, but a freak. I tried wrestling, with the same result.

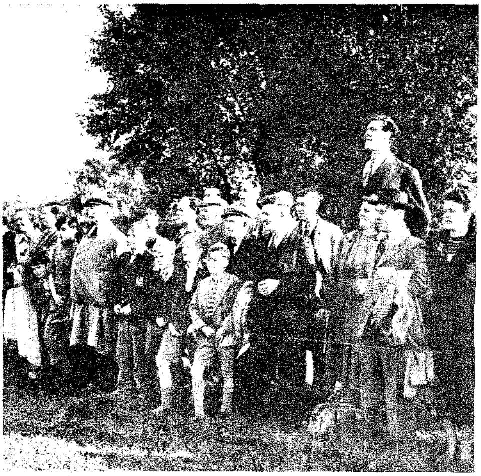
Now there seemed to be nothing I could do, no place to go. So I took to hanging out in bars, where I would get into brawls with would-be comedians who insisted on kneeing or kicking the "clumsy giraffe." Invariably the bobbies would come down and use their clubs on me while the smaller men who started the fights were treated as injured parties.

After the fifth brawl, when I was kept in a police lockup for several days and threatened with a five-year sentence, I swore off drinking for life. It's a vow I have never broken.

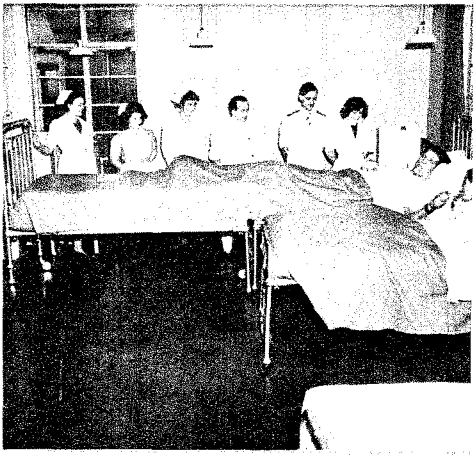
As a result of my arrest, the landlady ordered me out of my lodging house and, for a few nights, I slept on a park bench. I thought of suicide, and I don't know what would have happened if a booking agent hadn't come along with the idea of putting me on exhibition. I didn't go much for the idea; but I didn't want to go on relief either. So I went first into British vaudeville, as part of a freak act with a midget, then—after I came to the U.S. in 1951—into the side shows of carnivals and circuses, on up to the Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus and to the Royal American Shows with which I am currently appearing.

Until recently, I felt my only chance for future happiness lay in reincarnation as a normal human being—the dream of most side-show "freaks." But last winter I had my car fixed at a service station in Sarasota, Florida, and discovered fresh hope for *this* world. The men who run the station, Bob and Ed Harkinson, became the first American friends I've made outside the circus. Knowing how much I wanted to get myself away from the side show someday, they taught me elementary bookkeeping and let me work on their books during the winter. With their encouragement, I've begun accounting courses via the International Correspondence Schools. When I finally "graduate," the Harkinsons will try to get me enough accounts so that I will be busy full time.

I can only hope that when I begin doing a job that depends on my ability, rather than on my deformity, people will think more kindly of the "villainous" nursery-story giant. All this giant really wants is his self-respect. ♛ ♛ ♛



Gazing over crowds is one of a giant's few advantages. He is too huge to sit in movie seats; can't dance or take part in sports; and girls won't date him.



In the hospital Evans needs two beds. His 420 lbs. cause poor circulation and numbness in his legs. To try to stunt growth, he took drugs, dieted strenuously.

**Don't always expect things to work out 100 per cent—
or you're bound for an emotional tumble into the . . .**

PITFALLS

by Mary Ellen Chase

Last week I went to see the Tylers, my neighbors of many years, with the eager purpose and desire of hearing all about their recent three months abroad. John and Eleanor Tyler are an attractive, congenial couple in late middle age who had waited long and saved carefully for their first European venture.

I felt a sense of extreme pleasure for them as I sat down to hear all about their dream come true.

Of course, many things had been wonderful, many experiences unforgettable, they admitted: those perfect English villages with their thatched roofs and bright cottage gardens; the gray towers of Chartres rising miles away across the plains; the Winged Victory on the staircase of the Louvre.

Yet even these, in Mrs. Tyler's memory, were obviously dimmed by the atrocious manners of Parisian cab drivers, who had not only laughed openly at her French, but had constantly humiliated her by disdainful shrugs over her really generous tipping.

"And Edinburgh!" she said. "I've dreamed of it for years, but what weather! It rained literally every hour for five days."

Both Tylers loudly deplored the cost of their trip, which was at least 25 per cent higher than they had been led to believe by their travel agent. Neither could forget the fact that their steamship cabins, comfortable though they were, had borne very slight resemblance to the spacious quarters pictured on the folders.

I have thought a great deal about the Tylers since my rather dismal evening with them. Of course, a more-traveled friend might have warned them that anyone who sets forth on a journey must wisely and humorously accept the fact that things simply aren't going to work out 100 per cent.

If the Tylers and all of us could only set our sights, say, at 85 per cent and be prepared at the start for at least a 15 per cent loss, we might then be able to avoid self-reproach on the one hand and disappointment on the other.

OF A PERFECTIONIST

The Tylers had, over the years, built up a standard of perfection not only completely impossible of attainment, but also entirely unreal and out of line with daily human experience. They, like countless thousands of us all, were seekers after that mythical 100 per cent. They were therefore dissatisfied with themselves, with others, and with life as it undeniably is.

I, too—alas! have all my life been taken in far too often by this naïve expectation that journeys will be perfect, that friends can always be depended upon, that jobs will always be done efficiently and well, that human relationships need not fail one in even the slightest particular.

But I have mercifully escaped the depths of the Tylers' disillusionment because I was warned early, both by precept and example, not to expect 100 per cent in anything one undertakes.

I think my most salutary warning was given me when I was around 18 years old. On that memorable day, my mother burned up $50 by throwing five new ten-dollar bills into our kitchen stove.

We were having serious illness in our family at that time, and she was far too agitated to have all her wits about her. With the wherewithal to pay the grocer and the doctor in one hand and the dustpan in the other, she threw the wherewithal instead of the dust upon the glowing coals.

I remember the horror in which she and I saw it become ashes within one awful moment; but I recall even more clearly her instant acceptance of this tragedy.

"Well," she said, "at least I'm glad *I* did it and not *you*. It's gone! Let's forget it."

Mere loss of money through carelessness or even folly, a disappointing journey, or a hundred other minor catastrophes which are bound to beset our days, are of no great moment in the universal scheme of things. But when this mania for perfection enters into our close relations with others or even dictates our attitudes toward them, then we are certainly headed for real trouble.

The absurd illusions that marriage is a failure unless it measures always up to 100 per cent; that families must always show consideration and kindness, else someone has grievously fallen short; that a lapse in good manners inevitably prophesies not only boorishness but selfishness—such illusions are constantly digging those very pitfalls which they are seeking so nobly to avoid. Humor and common sense, the ability to stand away from ourselves and see clearly our own funny imperfections, these are the homely weapons which alone can dispel such impossible requirements.

The myth of 100 per cent can transform love's young dream into a nagging reality of upbraidings and reproaches on both sides. It can make small boys dread to approach their homes whether with indifferent report cards, ruined clothing or blackened eyes.

It can defeat hopes, breed a sense of failure, and even inculcate a dangerous conviction of guilt.

"To be deadly honest," a Smith College freshman once said to me, "I hate to go home for vacation. I have the most devoted parents in the world, but they expect too much. I'd rather die than tell them I'm making C in English. My A in Government won't mean a thing in the face of that C. And I dread to have them meet my date! They're bound to find something wrong with him."

The tragedy behind this unsubstantial myth lies, of course, in its seeming idealism, its mistaken nobility of purpose. Should we not all strive for perfection in ourselves, in our relations with others, in our discharging of our responsibilities and obligations? Of course we should, but always with the blithe recognition of human error, of those exigencies and accidents which will surely upset both our days and our ideals.

Taxi drivers will continue to embarrass us; husbands will still choose neckties deplorable to their wives; and mothers will have to learn to cast off many anxious fears that their children in this new age are necessarily headed for trouble and sorrow.

In spite of mathematics, 85 per cent as a reasonable goal for human endeavor and accomplishment really equals the 100 per cent for which so many of us foolishly strive. For the 15 per cent, which only *seems* to be lacking, is comprised of good humor; gay acceptance of human fallibility and error; the ability to laugh at mistakes; the recognition that complete perfection in anything at all is rarely, if ever, reached and that if it were, half the fun, absurdity and constant challenge of human experience would be lost.

Take Care

CASH PRIZES were awarded for safety slogans suggested by employes of British railways. The winning one read: "Take care—you're expected home."

—*Capper's Weekly*

FIRE ALARM FOOLISHNESS

by LYMAN JONES
As told to HART STILWELL

When flames break out they often cook up wacky behavior

I BECAME A FIRE BUFF when I was a small boy. A fire buff, as you may or may not know, is a follower of fires, a hanger-around fire stations. The late Mayor LaGuardia of New York, where there is an association of fire buffs, was one; Ted Williams was another—for a while.

With the dawning of my interest in fires came the realization that people do weird things when the flames start crackling.

I was still quite a young boy when our family moved next door to a fire station. I made every run, slipping out of school in the daytime, jumping out of bed at night and dashing to the fire station.

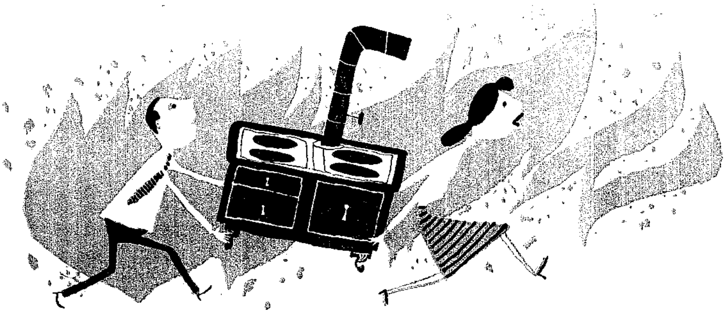
One cold, snowy midnight the alarm sounded and I barely made it in time to go racing away on the truck. As we pulled up before a big old house with flames shooting from the top, a middle-aged woman came screaming out the front door. Seeing her was a shock, for she didn't have on a stitch of clothes.

The woman stopped suddenly, terribly embarrassed, and began trying to cover all of herself at once with her hands. Then she turned and fled back into the burning house, ignoring the firemen's frantic shouts to stop.

They were getting ready to go in after her when she came running out again. This time she didn't seem embarrassed, although she still had on absolutely no clothes. Clutched in each hand was a dental plate. She had gone all the way up the stairway of that burning building and into her bedroom to rescue her brand new false teeth.

Some years later I asked her about it. She said that when she rushed out and saw the firemen all that came into her mind was that she didn't have her plates in. So she went back and got them.

There was a fair measure of logic in her actions, compared to those of a Cornell University professor I watched one night. I was a young



They dashed into the burning house—and staggered out lugging the kitchen stove!

reporter in those days, covering fires.

This professor's house was an old Ithaca landmark. Inside, he had a priceless collection of Old Icelandic literature, thousands of other fine books, antiques and paintings.

The professor got word that his house was on fire and came on the run. Firemen tried to restrain him but he raced right past them into the burning house. Soon he came out—carrying a dime-store wastebasket as tenderly as though it were his most priceless possession.

Later I asked him what went on in his mind when he rescued it.

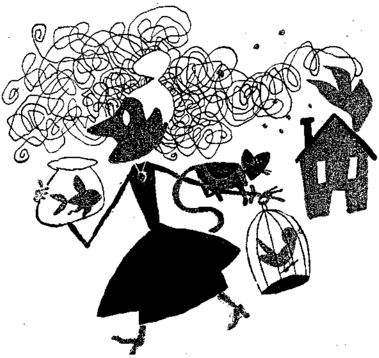
"I don't know exactly why," he said. "But I felt something like the drunk on a midnight binge who suddenly gets the idea that he ought to call the President of the United States and bawl him out. It just seemed like saving that wastebasket was the most important thing I would ever do."

Not far from where I live now, in Austin, Texas, once stood a nice ranch house. Quite a few years ago, a young bride and her husband moved into the house. For a wedding present, the bride's parents had given the young couple one of those huge cast-iron wood-burning kitchen ranges.

One night when the husband was away, the young wife attended a party at the home of neighbors. Someone spotted fire coming from her house.

In spite of the protests of her friends, she dashed into the burning building. One of the men in the party—a big, strong fellow—went in after her.

Soon they slowly emerged, carry-



The old lady risked her life to save a goldfish, a canary and her ancient cat.

ing that mighty kitchen stove—the only object in the house that the fire couldn't damage—she one end, he the other.

Later, it took four men to move it. Out of curiosity the young woman, who weighed about a hundred pounds, tried to lift one end of the stove and couldn't budge it. People seem to draw almost superhuman strength from some source when the flames roar, just as they apparently do in performing amazing feats while under hypnosis.

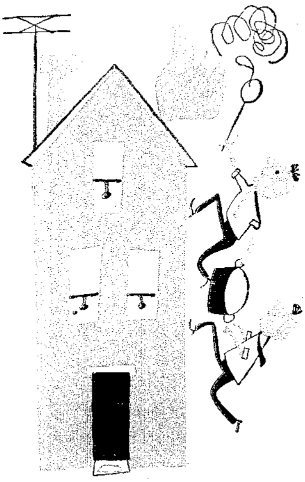
It is interesting to note, also, that women will often risk their lives to save a wedding gift, particularly from their parents. This is probably a tribute to the high value they place on marriage, the wedding gift from Mother and Dad being a treasured symbol.

It is interesting to note, too, the manner in which that treasured gift is sometimes rescued. There was, for example, the young woman who ran up the stairs of a burning building, burst into her apartment, grabbed the clock her parents had given her as a wedding present—and flung it out the window onto the sidewalk, smashing it to pieces.

She had "rescued" it—the objective was achieved.

People who live alone almost invariably try to save anything living that has brightened their lonely existences. One night I watched firemen help an elderly woman out of her burning home. Though she seemed barely able to stand, suddenly she broke away from them and made her way back into the house. Soon she came out burdened down with a goldfish in a bowl, a canary in a bird cage and an ancient tomcat.

Even stranger is the almost unbelievable indifference a human being will show toward what would reasonably be considered the most priceless possession of all—his own children.



How did they reach the roof without a ladder—and carrying a tub of water, too?

In New York one night, I saw a woman rush out of her burning apartment cuddling a Pekingese dog in her arms as though it were her child. The amazing part was that she had left her own two children behind, trapped in their bedroom. Firemen quickly went in and rescued them.

My mother was six years old when, late one night, a kerosene lamp on the big dresser in her parents' bedroom apparently exploded. Grandfather jumped out of bed, grabbed his six-year-old daughter, and promptly tossed her through a window—fortunately a ground-floor one.

Grandmother ran screaming out of the house, expecting to find her child dead, but Mother had fallen on a snowbank and wasn't hurt. Grandmother looked up just in time to see her husband getting ready to hurl their other child, a year-old baby, out of the window. She caught the baby.

Grandfather then raced out, saw that the children were all right, ran back into the bedroom, extinguished the flames on the dresser and staggered out of the house with it.

SOME of the physical feats performed by people during the hysteria that fire often causes simply cannot be explained. Several years ago, I covered a fire in which three men were trapped in the basement of a department store. Two of them were big men. They burned to death. The third was a medium-sized fellow who escaped by crawling through a slot in the wall below the display window.

I examined that slot and concluded that it was impossible for a man to get through it. I couldn't even get started. I had a couple of men try to push me through but they couldn't. Yet the man was bigger than I.

I asked him how he got through that slot without even suffering scratches from its metal sides.

"It was as though something was pushing me," he said, "some kind of noise. I heard that noise very clear. It wasn't a voice. I've been trying to think what it might have been, that strange noise, and I've finally decided it was the rustling of an angel's wings. Anyway, when I heard it, I just went through that hole slick as a cat."

Once, the fire department here at my present home answered a call and found a combination shed and garage building on fire. It was a tall building, and it was isolated. Seated on top of it were two young men, around 19, ladling water from a washtub onto the burning roof.

The fire was put out and the young men taken off the roof with a ladder. Then it suddenly dawned on the firemen that there was no way for anybody to get up on that roof, other than flying. There was no ladder. There were no handholds, no drainpipes, nothing for anybody to hang onto in climbing. And it was tall.

Yet the two young men had not only climbed it but had also lugged a tub of water up onto the roof.

"How did you get up there?" Fire Marshal Bill Heaton asked them.

They looked at Bill, then they looked at each other. I was watching—that puzzled look that came over their faces was real. Finally one of them said, "How in the hell *did* we get up there?"

They never did figure it out. Neither did I.

Firemen are accustomed to dealing with nudity-at-fires situations. They even have a term for it, "unprotected exposure," the same term they use for stores of inflammables that are not protected by sprinklers.

Even firemen have been known to get caught in that "unprotected exposure" situation. In the late '30s, some of the undergraduates at Ithaca College were allowed to sleep at the volunteer fire station in exchange for fighting fires. Times were hard then.

When a night alarm sounded, one student bounced off his cot and slid into his hip boots. He made a run for the truck, caught it and away they went.

Three blocks down the street, with the truck going like mad, he discovered that he had on nothing but his boots. None of the other firemen had noticed his condition.

I was sitting at the fire station here with my old friend Marshal Bill Heaton, getting him to probe back in his memory for still more incidents, when he said suddenly, "You know, I wish you hadn't started all this talk."

"Why?" I asked.

"We firemen are superstitious. We don't ever talk about the big fires of the past. You get a bull session started, with each man trying to tell about a bigger fire than the man who just finished, and what happens? Sure as shooting, you get a big fire."

"You don't mean to tell me you take that seriously?" I asked.

"Well, I like to play it safe," he admitted. "We haven't had a big fire in a long time . . ."

Four hours later, a junior high school in the heart of town burned to the ground.

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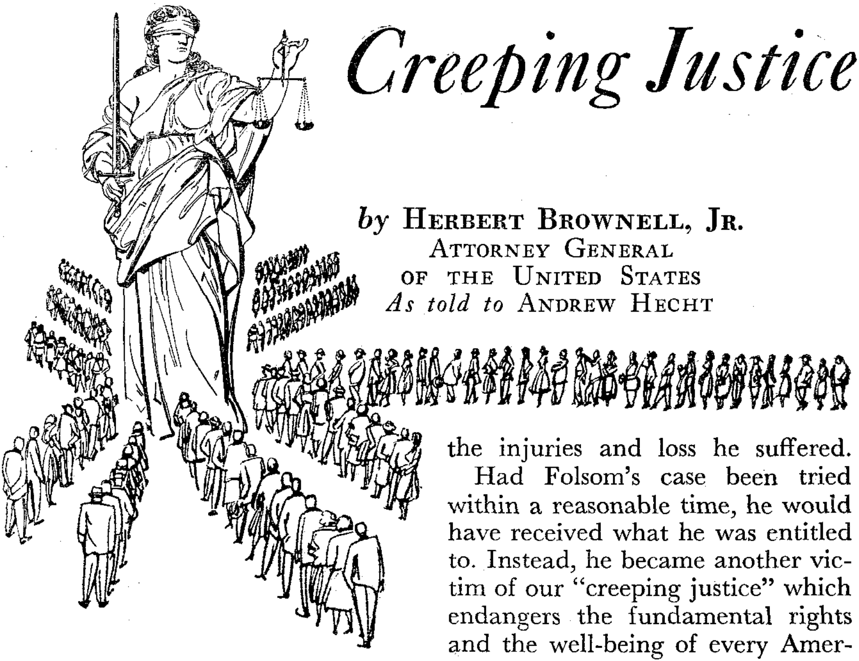


Creeping Justice

by **HERBERT BROWNELL, JR.**
ATTORNEY GENERAL
OF THE UNITED STATES
As told to ANDREW HECHT

WHEN BILL FOLSOM was run down by an automobile and seriously injured, the driver's insurance company offered him a small sum for a quick settlement. Folsom refused, and sued for damages.

Unable to work, he slowly used up his savings while waiting for a trial. A year after the accident, he was on relief. His only hope for the future seemed to be to invest in some small business, using the money the court would award him.

But when Folsom's lawyer told him that it would take another three years before his case could be tried, he broke down and accepted a settlement which was a little better than the first offer, but still not adequate compensation for the injuries and loss he suffered.

Had Folsom's case been tried within a reasonable time, he would have received what he was entitled to. Instead, he became another victim of our "creeping justice" which endangers the fundamental rights and the well-being of every American. Hundreds of thousands have suffered a similar fate. You may be next.

Just how bad is this creeping justice? It takes an average of 52.9 months, or almost four and a half years, from the time a civil case is filed until it is tried by the Federal court in the Eastern District of New York. The time lag is over 36 months in Northern Ohio, almost 34 months in Eastern Pennsylvania, 29.6 months in Colorado, 25 months in Michigan, to mention a few of the slowest districts.

Perhaps you don't realize how disastrous, how outrageously damaging the delays in the courts are to those who must seek their services. Yet you, too, through no fault of your own, may be caught at any

Is Not Justice!

The nation's legal chief calls our slow-moving courts "a national disgrace" and tells what can be done about them

time in the cumbersome cogs of court machinery, as a plaintiff or as a defendant.

A child might run in front of your car on the street; a firm you do business with might claim damages and sue you for your last penny. Then, looking to the courts for justice, you could painfully experience the meaning of the oft-repeated saying: "Justice delayed is justice denied."

Almost any situation in life can lead to a lawsuit and, if it does, chances are that the suit will get stalled along with hundreds of thousands of others in one of our Federal or state courts. There was a backlog of 73,000 cases pending in the Federal courts at the end of 1955. At the same time, the Supreme Court of New York alone had 47,000 cases pending, some being as much as 44 months old.

How court delays, which have nothing to do with the merit of a case, may ruin a man can be illustrated by what happened to an inventor whom we shall call Frank Williams. His family and friends raised the capital to enable him to manufacture a revolutionary new valve he had invented. Orders were rolling in when suddenly a large valve manufacturer filed a patent infringement suit against Williams.

They probably knew they would lose the suit, but they also knew that Williams could not wait the 17 months or more that it takes for a trial in Patent Court. They were right: Williams shut down his factory, his backers lost their money. Had his case come to trial in three to six months, he would be today a valuable new member of our industrial community, employing scores of people.

We have reached a point where the slowness of our courts in administering justice threatens to become a national disgrace. Many causes have contributed to this state of affairs. Some critics point to the fact that our population has increased by 25 per cent since 1941. However, the backlog of pending cases in the Federal courts has grown in the same period from 30,000 to almost 73,000, an increase of some 140 per cent. Consequently, there must have been other contributing causes.

Important among these are the great number of new laws enacted by Congress every year, which call for enforcement. Also there is the changing attitude of the people in general, who have become far more law-conscious and increasingly inclined to bring their disputes into court.

Liability suits in particular have grown by leaps and bounds—the automobile alone is responsible for 25 per cent of all private civil cases in the Federal District Courts. A high percentage of these cases are tried before juries; and, with the seating of juries and the lengthy arguments to develop the evidence for their understanding, it takes approximately three times as long to try a case before a jury as it takes to try the same case before a judge without a jury.

In addition, our economy has become far more complex than it was 15 years ago. Cases involving big business, such as some anti-trust cases, have taken as much as five years of a judge's time to decide.

ALL THIS may partially explain the delays, but it does not excuse them. We should have made provisions to meet the needs of changing times, and we have failed to do so.

The Federal courts, Congress, the Department of Justice and the legal profession in general are jointly responsible for the delays which are so painful and damaging to individuals who seek justice. Perhaps the main fault in our judicial system is the fantastic lack of organization and coordination within and between these groups.

We, at the Department of Justice, readily admit that in the past we have caused our share of delays in the courts.

Lack of organization and lots of red tape were responsible for a rise in the backlog of Government cases from 18,000 to 30,000 in the period between 1940 and 1953. Up to the very recent past, the Department had almost no contact on the backlog problem with the 94 U.S. Attorneys in the field. The salaries of the U.S. Attorneys and their assistants were so low that they were allowed to implement their income through outside law practice. As could be expected, Government work was neglected.

Since 1953, we have raised the salaries of U. S. Attorneys, at the same time forbidding them outside practice. We have authorized them to take final action in thousands of cases without having to obtain prior approval in Washington. This helped us reduce the backlog by 12 per cent as of June 30, 1955, and we committed ourselves to Congress to aim at an additional 25 per cent reduction by the middle of 1956.

To achieve this goal, we advised the courts that we stand ready to work extra long hours, beginning early, and working late. We are also prepared to try cases throughout the summer months, if the courts will forego at least part of their customary three-month recess, to aid in eliminating the backlog.

We in the Department of Justice have the authority and the centralized organization to institute a special effort by our own staff. But, you may be surprised to hear, the courts have no such centralized organization.

Nobody at this time has the authority to tell a Federal judge what to do. Appointed for life "during good behavior," he is completely independent in his work, setting his own pace, his own working hours, his own vacation periods. There is virtually no supervision exercised over any Federal judge, and it is a testimonial to their high caliber that they perform as well as they actually do in the absence of authoritative, business-like direction.

Not only more judges are needed to get the job done, but also direction from the top, based on ability and backed up by clearly defined powers. A man can be a great jurist and a high-minded citizen without being a good administrator — particularly if nobody calls on him to function as such and establishes a workable procedure for him to follow.

"WHY I AM FAITHFUL"

Infidelity—real or imagined—is a major cause of divorce. A husband discusses frankly this problem which haunts thousands of married couples.

IN OCTOBER CORONET

It would be the job of Congress to do this, and it could act without impairing the independence of the judiciary guaranteed by the Constitution. But as long as Congress does not tell them how to run the courts, it is largely up to the judges themselves what steps they undertake to reduce the backlog.

I must point out in all fairness that it is physically impossible to hold court in summer in many parts of the country. Temperatures often exceed 100 degrees, and the air conditioning of our courts has just begun. When Congress appropriates the necessary funds to complete the job, one obstacle to longer court sessions will be eliminated.

You wouldn't believe it, but the appropriation for our entire Federal court system, including the Supreme Court, was only $37,378,730 for the 1956 fiscal year. The Federal Judiciary, one of the three coordinate branches of our Government—recognized in the Constitution as equal in importance to the Executive and Legislative branches—received far less money for its vital functions than, say, the Bureau of Indian Affairs or the National School Lunch Program—which does not imply any criticism of those agencies. Expense allowances are so low that most of the time judges and other court personnel must supplement them from their own pockets.

This sort of thing cannot possibly be justified in a country as great and as wealthy as ours. I am sure that once Congress and the people become aware of it, they will act to remedy the situation.

Furthermore, we don't have enough judges. Right now a bill is pending in the Senate Judiciary Committee providing for the creation of 21 additional judgeships which are urgently needed.

Also, no lawyer should use tactics to deliberately delay the administration of justice. Certain attorneys seek adjournments solely to wear down their opponents. Others accept more cases than they have time to handle and continuously ask for postponements, taking from Peter to satisfy Paul. Lawyers should actually take the lead in seeking speedy trials.

A good example of what can be

done to overcome disastrous court congestion was furnished by the judges of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Months ago, Chief Judge William H. Kirkpatrick announced that beginning July 9th the judges of his district would hold a four-week summer session to reduce the backlog. The judges voluntarily gave up a month of their customary vacation to improve a bad situation and to help restore the people's confidence in their courts.

Another excellent example for speeding up court proceedings was set by the judges of the Southern District of New York. At the end of June, 1955, their court was two and a half years behind on non-jury cases and approximately three and a half on jury cases.

In the following seven months, the judges called every case for trial. Attorneys were allowed adjournments only in a very few cases. If a case was not settled or tried, it was marked off the calendar.

By January 20, 1956, the judges reduced the backlog by 55 per cent in non-jury and by 32 per cent in jury cases. New cases now actually go on trial within three months.

"Our District has been so successful," reports U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams, "that I would like to suggest, for the purpose of dispensing real justice, that all of the courts throughout the United States take particular note of the calendar procedures of our District. These procedures, when combined with dedicated judges such as ours, will lead to dramatic results in meting out justice."

It is entirely up to the other courts, however, whether they will follow the examples set in the Southern District of New York and in Philadelphia. But we cannot and should not be satisfied with mere emergency measures. If we are ever to arrive at a permanent solution, if we want our courts to live up to all of the ideals of justice, the people themselves will have to act. They will have to see to it that Congress sets down sound working rules for the courts, and provides them with the means to do their job.

In that way we will have justice in this country that is not only impartial but is dispensed promptly.

How It Began

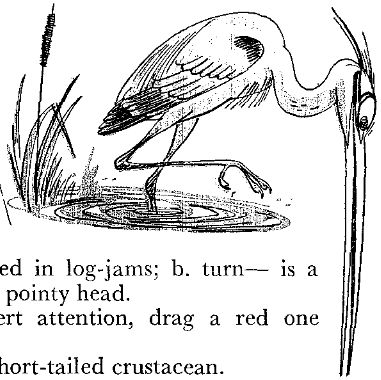
DESPITE THE FACT that men's heads come in assorted sizes, for generations their hats did not. To remedy this discrepancy, a drawstring was inserted inside the band as standard equipment in male millinery. Adjusted to the circumference of the wearer's head, it was tied into a bow-knot.

Finally hatters began making hats to meet standard measurements. Although they discontinued the string, for some unknown reason they did not do away with the bow. Utterly useless though it is, we still find one on every man's hat.

—MARY ALKUS

FINS, FEATHERS and FUR

Slippery indeed are some of our fine feathered, finned and furry friends, says Quizmaster Henry Morgan (heard on NBC Radio's "Monitor," from 8 to 9 P.M. Saturday, EDST). He has set three traps to track down the correct name in each category. So ***pull on your hunting boots and get out the*** **game-fishing tackle! (Answers on page 157)**



FISH:

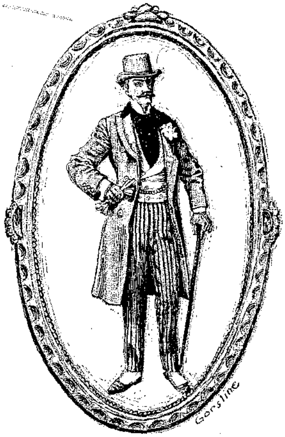
1. a. weapon with shaft and spearhead, used in log-jams; b. turn— is a toll road; c. voracious freshwater fish with pointy head.
2. a. —bone, a zigzag pattern; b. to divert attention, drag a red one across the path; c. a fish often pickled.
3. a. type of apple; b. sign of the zodiac; c. short-tailed crustacean.
4. a. gave off an aroma; b. to process metal by heat; c. a small edible fish.
5. a. crooked money-lender; b. —skin, smooth fabric; c. largest fish.
6. a. slang for dollar; b. to —up; c. delicious bivalve mollusk.
7. a. bird roost; b. to alight temporarily; c. freshwater game and food fish.
8. a. —enter, a wood-worker; b. to complain unreasonably on one topic; c. freshwater fish noted for its long life.

FEATHERS:

1. a. a gulp; b. male evening wear: —tail coat; c. migratory bird.
2. a. a dud; b. east Mediterranean country; c. a Thanksgiving symbol.
3. a. to fire on enemies from hiding place; b. a kind of hunt in which one is left holding the bag; c. a long-billed fen fowl.
4. a. a derrick; b. to stretch the neck; c. a long-legged wading bird.
5. a. to quaver; b. slang for girl; c. edible birds, huntsman's quarry.
6. a. to peddle wares on street; b. a small board to hold mortar; c. a fast-flying, keen-eyed bird of prey.
7. a. to draw back the hammer of a firearm; b. to tilt, as a hat; c. the ruler of the roost, dawn's herald.
8. a. an easy dupe; b. kind of hole for filing papers; c. grey city bird.

FUR:

1. a. to gulp food ravenously; b. bold fellow; c. a grey skulking beast.
2. a. to carry a heavy load; b. broker who sells stocks "short": well-known in 1929; c. a furry honey-lover.
3. a. a —laugh: mocking, derisive; b. slang for rough play; c. an equine.
4. a. to cause to tremble with fear; b. a —slip is a little primrose; c. mature female of the genus *Bos*.
5. a. a Papal edict; b. unreliable information; c. a male bovine animal.
6. a. a cunning person; b. —glove, a bell-shaped flower; c. genus *Vulpes*.
7. a. a dollar; b. to resist opposition; c. male antelope.
8. a. a social one is a much sought-after guest; b. a member of a fraternal order; c. king of the beasts.



BATTLE OF THE DUDES

by SETH KANTOR

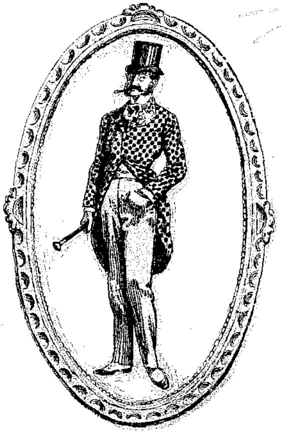
"DUDE" WAS A NEW WORD in America in the 1880s. In small towns it denoted any stranger with a Sunday shirt or blackened shoes. In the big city it described an increasing group of thin, vacuous young men, utterly worthless beyond their fathers' bank drafts. The only success they craved was so great a reputation for magnificence that everyone would stare admiringly.

Competition was fierce, and E. Berry Wall was among the most serious competitors.

In 1883, Evander Berry Wall, at the age of 22, had retired from business. His investment firm had lost $1,500,000 under his management. Even though his family had become enormously wealthy with New York real estate, it was conceivable that he could wipe out their entire fortune in a few more years.

"Mama, I just am not a businessman," he told his mother. "It will cost the family a lot less if I become an idle waster."

So Evander's mother (he was Evander to family and friends) started him off anew with a $10,000-a-year allowance—his to fritter away as he chose. A champagne-importing company paid him an additional $10,000 yearly salary,



With 285 pairs of trousers, breakfasts of lobster and champagne, he was society's reigning fop—until a blizzard buried his ego

his only duties to order and drink the company's brand wherever he went.

E. Berry Wall's coach-and-four and his tandems became the most famous on Fifth Avenue. His 285 pairs of trousers were legendary; his Byronian collars so high and starched at the tips, it was physically impossible for him to lower his head. He was thrilled when he became as well known for his violet spats as "Diamond Jim" Brady was for his great stomach.

In the summer of 1887, during the fashionable Saratoga Springs racing season, he made his spectacular move for undying fame. Hiring a valet used to quick theatrical dressing-room changes, he took a room off the lobby of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga. At precisely nine o'clock one August morning, he stepped out into the lobby wearing a checked suit. He chatted with friends, then excused himself.

He reappeared in exactly three minutes, wearing a black suit with a velvet collar. His shirt, stockings, shoes, cravat —everything was different.

"Evander!" one of the friends exclaimed. "Am I going mad? Weren't you just wearing a checked suit?"

"Perhaps." Wall smiled indifferently. "Now, concerning the third race this afternoon . . ."

At 9:30 he excused himself again, and at 9:33 he was back wearing a tight, red doeskin suit with entirely new accessories. This went on every 15 minutes and the knot of friends grew to a crowd.

Word spread through town and people mobbed the lobby and overflowed into the street as—every 15 minutes—E. Berry Wall nonchalantly appeared in a completely new ensemble, receiving magnificent applause each time.

By afternoon his story topped the racing news going out over the telegraph wires to the New York newspapers. By evening they were dispatching special hourly bulletins about him.

At one the next morning, satisfied that he was front-page news, E. Berry Wall excused himself for the last time and the crowds went home.

"King of the Dudes" the newspapers called him. Wherever he went now, they wrote about him. "E. Berry Wall has clothes for any situation, any day of the year," one paper reported. And it was true.

If there were a challenger at all, it was Robert "Handsome Bob" Hilliard, the brilliant and dashing actor. Hilliard had a seemingly endless wardrobe and attempted to match Wall, foppishness for foppishness, on every occasion. But nothing could topple Wall from the throne.

Hilliard and Evander, who dearly hated each other, were invited to a social affair at the Hoffman House, an elegant New York hotel, on March 11, 1888. It turned out to be the day the famous Blizzard of '88 suddenly paralyzed the city, and no one could leave afterward.

"Mr. Wall, they claim you have clothes for any situation," a reporter said, cornering Evander. "I'll bet you have nothing fashionable for a blizzard."

"That's right," Evander admitted with a laugh.

"Ah ha!" cried Hilliard, and ran out of the Hoffman House, disappearing in the waist-high drifts.

He returned some hours later, a dramatic snow-blown figure in a costume topped by a beautifully tooled pair of hip-high, patent-leather boots he had worn in a play with Lily Langtry not long before. They looked for all the world as though they had been made expressly for the blizzard.

The roar that went up in the Hoffman House, and the newspaper stories that followed, left no doubt that "Handsome Bob" Hilliard was the most well-dressed dude in the world.

At 27, Evander had failed again. Having no sense of humor, he could not get over it. He moved to Monte Carlo and died there in 1940. He was still wearing, the obituaries pointed out, his violet spats.

Why Editors Leave Town

CATERER'S AD in a Baltimore Paper: "ARE YOU GETTING MARRIED OR HAVING AN AFFAIR? Complete facilities to accommodate from 100 to 275 people." —DOROTHY GONSALVES

Miss Minnie and Her Three Lives

by BOOTON HERNDON

Her boss thought she was wonderful. Friends called her a "saint." Yet the plump, little lady had a secret vice—it added up to $2,884,957.06

ONLY PEOPLE who knew Miss Minnie C. Mangum well realized that the fiftyish, plump, dowdy-looking little woman led two lives. As assistant secretary-treasurer of the Commonwealth Building and Loan Association of Norfolk, Virginia, and one of the highest-paid women in the state, she was strictly business. She worked nights, weekends and holidays, never took a vacation, never stayed home sick, and ran her department with an iron hand.

"She's a bear for work," the president of the company, Roy F. Phillips, said proudly.

In the neighboring city of Portsmouth, where she lived in a white frame house in a run-down neighborhood, Miss Minnie lived her other life. There she was Miss Good Works herself.

For 30 years she was president of the Fidelis Class of the Port Norfolk Baptist church. "Minnie," said one of the devoted members, "prayed better than any preacher I had ever heard."

After church, her seven brothers and sisters and their children would come to Sunday dinner—sometimes there were 40 or 50 relatives and friends there—and Miss Minnie's double life was complete.

"She may be a business woman in Norfolk," one of her friends once said, "but here in Portsmouth she's a saint."

But what none of those from either of Miss Minnie's worlds ever suspected was that she had been leading still another life. This business woman and pillar of the church was also one of the biggest individual embezzlers in the history of American finance!

Her books at the $22,000,000 building and loan company, slightly red-faced Government auditors announced early this year, showed a total shortage of $2,884,957.06. Miss Minnie, working all by herself, had cleaned up about twice as much money as a whole armed gang had gotten in the famous Brink's holdup in Boston.

More than that, although Government accountants aren't bragging about it, Miss Minnie might still be happily dipping away if it weren't for one unfortunate circumstance.

How did Miss Minnie do it? And what did she do *with* it? To understand, you have to go back to the beginning.

Minnie Mangum was a pert, black-haired little girl of 13 when her father, on his way home in the wee hours of the morning, entered the wrong house by mistake and was shot for a burglar. From then on, while her mother worked, Minnie took care of her seven little brothers and sisters. Mrs. Mangum often said she didn't know what she would have done without Minnie's help.

Somehow Minnie managed to finish high school, and go to a business college at night. She had no time for boys. She didn't approve of smoking, drinking or wearing heavy make-up. Every Sunday she went to both Sunday School and church. She sang in the choir, with a sweet soprano.

In 1928, when she was 25, Minnie went to work for the brand-new Commonwealth Building and Loan Association. Its offices were in a store front, and Minnie was bookkeeper, typist, file clerk, receptionist and cashier. As the company grew, a mild-mannered badly-crippled man named Samuel P. McGann, who had a part-time job in a bank, was put over Miss Minnie with the title of secretary-treasurer.

Miss Minnie simply mothered him out of the way. Every morning, until he died in late 1955, Mr. McGann would come in, sign a few blank checks and be told by Miss Minnie that everything was fine. Then he was through for the day.

Miss Minnie was in charge of a large staff of girls now, and all were hand-picked. She hired girls who didn't smoke, drink, wear heavy make-up or go barelegged in the summertime. She also hired girls with no previous business experience. She wanted to train them herself, her way.

Apparently she did a good job. For every year, from 1932 on, the

Virginia State Banking Commission inspected the Association's books, at a fee of $800 per annum, and found them in good shape. Twice a year, from 1934 on, Federal accountants came in to check the books at a fee of $40 a man per day—sometimes the bill was well over $1,000—and found them in good shape.

The Association rewarded her with $9,000 a year in salary and over $1,000 in bonuses. She picked up a little real estate here and there over the years, and may well have received as much as $5,000 in annual rentals.

But Miss Minnie didn't live extravagantly, or dress particularly well. She supported her blind sister and invalid mother, contributed to the church building fund and sent the preacher a basket of fruit every Christmas. Miss Minnie did love to give presents.

Last Christmas, she was walking down Norfolk's Granby Street when a jewelry-store window caught her eye. In it was a dining-room table with an eight-place setting of the finest china, silverware, crystal, and even a lovely brass centerpiece.

Miss Minnie went in, bought the entire setting and arranged for it to be delivered to one of her sisters, Mrs. Ola M. Vail of Suffolk.

Miss Minnie was like that with all her brothers and sisters, all her nieces and nephews. She loved to do things for them.

"When my husband passed away," Mrs. Adele Mangum, widow of Minnie's brother, Jesse, said, "I was at my wit's end. Minnie descended on us like an angel of mercy. She took us out of that lonely old house, got workmen started building us a compact ranch-type house. Minnie just took over."

The compact little house came to a bit under $30,000.

Most of Miss Minnie's relatives seemed to be doing well. Her sister, Mrs. Lillian Eure, owned an apartment house. Mrs. Vail's son, H. L. Vail, Jr., had a cabin cruiser and a new business.

Another nephew drove a Cadillac with a telephone in it. Asked about it once, he said, "Not everybody has an Aunt Minnie."

All of Miss Minnie's kin expressed shock when the charges against her were first aired and quickly denied that they benefitted in any way from her unlawful activities.

AND THEN, in September of last year, the unfortunate circumstance occurred. Mrs. Esther Marie Cannon, the pretty brunette bride of a sailor stationed at the Navy Yard, went looking for a job.

Because she'd worked in a building and loan association in her hometown of Waukegan, Illinois, she naturally applied at Commonwealth. Somehow, she by-passed Miss Minnie and found herself being interviewed by the president himself, Mr. Phillips. He was impressed by her references and hired her, over Miss Minnie's protests, as a teller.

Esther thought Commonwealth was the craziest place. Everything was so confused. When a person came in to make a deposit, for example, the teller was supposed to get his card out of the file and mark down the amount of the deposit. But, too often, the card wasn't there. Miss Minnie had it.

Esther thought that was terrible. If she had been taught anything back in Waukegan it was that the depositor's card should never be removed from the file. It was the only record of how much money the depositor had in his account.

On the morning of November 2nd, a check for $10,000 arrived in the mail to be credited to a particular depositor's account. Esther Marie searched vainly for the depositor's card and then hurried to Miss Minnie's office. Miss Minnie nonchalantly rooted through some things and found the card.

The deposit was noted, but Esther was very upset about it. You just don't handle other people's money that way!

She was still upset that afternoon when bank examiners arrived, unannounced, for the semi-annual inspection. Hardly had they gone to work when a man came in to make a deposit—and *his* card was missing, too. Esther started for Miss Minnie's office.

Then followed what, without doubt, was one of the most amazing episodes in financial history.

There was Esther, screaming that the card was missing. And there was Miss Minnie, screaming that there must be some mistake and that Esther was a trouble-maker.

All that actually happened that day was the immediate firing of young Mrs. Cannon. But wheels had been set in motion.

On December 16th, a Friday, late in the afternoon, 18 Federal accountants entered the Commonwealth Building and Loan in a body. In no time at all, they figured out Miss Minnie's system.

On Monday, Miss Minnie didn't come to work. On Wednesday, two Federal men went to get her. And that afternoon, according to the authorities, she signed, with a steady hand, a statement confessing to the defalcation of funds of Commonwealth. She deeded all her property, including eight homes, over to the Association.

It was a week before Miss Minnie was taken into custody and bond set for $25,000.

Even then, although a score of auditors had been working on the accounts, they still had no idea of the enormous amount involved. But, as they pored through the records, a fairly clear picture started to emerge.

GETTING THE MONEY had been easy. Miss Minnie had the power to sign checks for the company; she could write them to herself or anybody else. As a matter of fact, one of the checks she had made out and signed for $5,841.94 was in the bank waiting for payment when the news about Miss Minnie broke.

The auditors found cases where fictitious accounts of varying amounts were created with not one penny in cash deposited; and then actual cash, to the tune of thousands of dollars, withdrawn from those worthless accounts on the very day they were created.

No, it was not in getting the money, but in *accounting for it* after it had been gotten, that the difficulty lay. The basic secret of Miss

To manipulate her elaborate swindle, Miss Minnie developed a technique of operating a "bank within a bank"

Minnie's fantastic success was in the depositors' cards. Esther Marie had been right all the time.

Commonwealth's attorney, Linwood B. Tabb, Jr., explains it this way: if the shortage on a given day had been an even $2,000,000, for example, Miss Minnie would take depositors' cards, totaling that amount to the penny, from the file and lock them in her personal safe. Since the cards were the only evidence of the existence of the accounts, removing them eliminated all records of the missing funds. For all intents and purposes, they had never been deposited; and would never be missed by anyone checking the bank's figures. Only Minnie knew where the money was.

Every time a deposit was made to one of the "missing" accounts, however, Miss Minnie had to make a separate note of it, then at the end of the day make the necessary adjustments on the card. In short, Miss Minnie was running her own "bank within a bank" and keeping in constant balance two separate and complete accounts—the company's and her own. No wonder she stayed on late at night. No wonder she never missed a day in the office.

The amazing thing is that not a single depositor lost a penny of his investment. President Phillips, a few years before, had increased the reserve fund to $2,193,000, to take care of any contingency. Miss Minnie proved to be that contingency. She wiped out the reserve.

The rest of the missing $2,884,957 over and above the reserve fund represented fictitious accounts and dividends paid to bona fide depositors whose cards were withheld. Miss Minnie had to pay them, of course, or they'd complain. But the money had to be accounted for in other ways. As you can see, this was a pretty complicated matter.

Who got the big money and where is it now? The answer is found in civil suits filed by a Norfolk attorney, Judge W. L. Parker, on behalf of the Federal agency which insured Commonwealth's depositors. These suits already total over $1,000,000. The defendants include friends and relatives of Miss Minnie. The money is in real estate, businesses, personal property and automobiles. It is in accounts valued at thousands on thousands of dollars in Commonwealth. Most of those accounts, the examiners say, are sheer paper. No money has ever been deposited, but they've been paying dividends right along.

One of the suits was against Mrs. Eure, Miss Mangum's sister and fellow Fidelis Class member, and members of Mrs. Eure's family, for a total of $287,503.96. Other defendants included Mrs. Adele D. Mangum; Mrs. Corretta Mason, an evangelist friend of Miss Minnie's; Carlton Mangum, Miss Minnie's favorite nephew; some of the Vails, and many more.

In these suits, also, must lie the only possible answer to why Miss Minnie did it. What other reason than to continue caring for her little brothers and sisters, even as she had been doing since she was 13 years old.

As for Miss Minnie herself, she has nothing left. She is broke. But the Fidelis Class sent her flowers, and prays for her every Sunday. For the first time in 30 years, the vice president does the praying.

In May, Miss Minnie was convicted of perjury—specifically of filing a false statement of Commonwealth's financial condition with a banking regulatory agency. A few days later, she pleaded guilty to filching more than $1,000,000 of the $2,884,957.06 the auditors say she actually got away with. She was sentenced to ten years for perjury and another ten for embezzlement, the sentences to run consecutively. After five years she will be eligible for parole.

Private legal opinion around Norfolk, concerning the suits, is that the Government will be lucky if it gets the fictitious accounts canceled out, much less the real estate.

It looks as though, out of this whole affair, only two people have been hurt.

One of those is President Roy Phillips, who built Commonwealth into the huge business it is and who was told by state and Federal accountants, after exhaustive examinations made twice a year at his company's expense, that everything was okay. Mr. Phillips is no longer with Commonwealth.

"We'd have made out all right if the Government had let us alone," Mr. Phillips says bitterly. "We'd have been in the black again in just one more month. But the Government threw us into receivership."

Mr. Phillips is back in the real estate business.

The other person who is hurt is Miss Minnie herself. All Miss Minnie has now is the satisfaction of knowing that, all those years she was juggling figures, her relatives were living a great deal more comfortably than she was.

Lost In Thought

THE SALVATION ARMY always has a tough time getting the right pictures to be used for each coming Christmas and the blizzard in New York on the first day of Spring this year gave them a wonderful break. The Army hurried out, found a pretty Salvation Army lassie and draped her in a red cape, broke out a standard tripod and kettle and set up in the snow on Fifth Avenue with the sign "Give a Happy Christmas." They figured to get some good advertising and promotion pictures for next Christmas.

It got them. It also got two half dollars, four quarters, three dimes, seven nickels and three pennies—a total of $2.68—from passersby still thinking of Christmas on the first day of spring.

—ROBERT SYLVESTER

Adopting hospitalized mental patients as his parishioners, this retired clergyman salvages their spirits by giving them some longed-for worldly comforts. They're . . .

Dr. Tom's Forgotten People

by ALSON J. SMITH

THE WOMEN'S WARD of one of our mental hospitals was visited recently by a tall, erect man with gray-brown hair wearing the Anglican collar and clerical vest of an Episcopal clergyman. As the patients caught sight of him, there was a murmur of "Here comes Dr. Tom."

On the sun porch, he stopped to talk to the line of women rocking back and forth in their chairs, giving a friendly pat on the hand here, handing out a pamphlet or gospel there. One chair, however, didn't move. The rockers were broken. In it, a little gray-haired woman of 70 crouched disconsolately, a becalmed ship in the center of a moving sea.

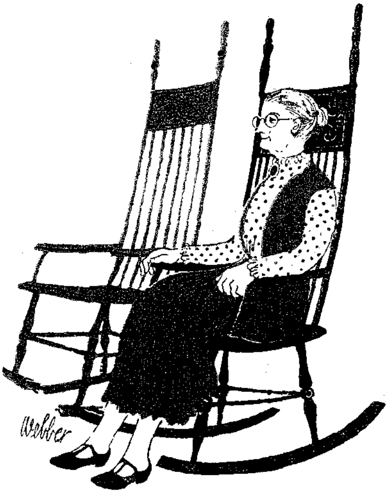
"Why don't you get a chair that rocks, Mother?" asked the minister.

"This has been my chair for 20 years," she quavered.

"But it's no good any more."

"Neither am I." She patted the broken chair affectionately. "I guess we belong together."

"I'm sure the hospital will give you another."



"They say they won't unless I give this one up."

"Would you like another rocker if you can keep this one too?" asked the clergyman, wise in the ways of age's stubborn possessiveness.

"Oh, yes," she answered eagerly.

Next day, a comfortable new chair arrived for the little old lady and she proudly took her place again among the rockers, the broken chair beside her.

The man responsible was youthful-looking Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Opie, a 72-year-old clergyman who decided during his ministry that the patients in our mental institutions are the real forgotten men and women of America. When he retired nine years ago, he set up Outside Aid for Patients in Mental Hospitals to let them know that somebody still cares.

Nothing is too small to escape the attention of Dr. Tom and his unique organization. For he knows that for nearly 60 per cent of these patients the hospital is the only home they will have for the rest of their lives, and that little things are important to them.

While visiting in the Connecticut State Hospital at Middletown not long ago, Dr. Tom talked with Tony, a former gunsmith who now mends watches, clocks, rosaries and small items for other patients, and for doctors, nurses and even some townspeople who have heard of his skill. He has built up a nice little business.

"I got only one complaint," Tony confided to Dr. Tom. "My feet hurt all the time." The hospital, it seemed, was unable to provide him with the odd-sized shoes he needed —7½ triple E.

Dr. Tom drove to a nearby city where he made the rounds of the shoe stores. Next day, Tony received a pair of brand new, black 7½ triple E dress shoes, and a note from Dr. Tom expressing regret that it wasn't possible to obtain work shoes in that size.

Last October, during the World Series, Dr. Tom was visiting the men's ward of a New Jersey State Hospital where a group in bathrobes and pajamas was gathered around a radio. He noticed that one man, about 55 years old, sat apart from the rest and, while appearing interested in the game, did not say a word. The others seemed to consider him an expert, however, for when a question arose about a close play, he was asked to settle it. He did this with a nod or shake of the head.

"That's old Chick Murphy," one of the men told Dr. Tom. "He used to be a big-league ballplayer."

"Of course," Dr. Tom said, remembering. "I've seen him play. Can't he talk?"

"Yes, but he's ashamed to open his mouth because his front teeth are out."

After the broadcast was over, Dr. Tom moved his chair next to the old ballplayer's and recalled incidents in some of his games. The ex-big leaguer smiled with pleasure. Then Dr. Tom said gently, "Chick, do you mind if I take a look at those teeth?"

Murphy's faded blue eyes filled with tears, but after looking around to see if anyone was watching, he reluctantly opened his mouth. An unsightly four-tooth gap ruined what once must have been a fine set of teeth.

"Doesn't the hospital have dentists?" asked Dr. Tom.

Yes, but it seemed that they only took care of ordinary fillings and extractions. Where bridges and plates were called for, funds had to be provided from outside.

Two days later the hospital received a check covering the cost of a four-tooth bridge.

"His morale improved 100 per

cent," Dr. Tom says. "In no time at all he was out and down on the athletic field giving advice to the hospital team. Those teeth gave Chick Murphy a whole new lease on life.

Tom Opie runs Outside Aid from a farm near Great Barrington, Massachusetts. He is a dedicated man, gentle and understanding, quick to defend his "children" in mental hospitals, stubbornly critical of much of modern psychiatry. A priest without a parish, he has adopted all of America's 750,000 mental patients as his parishioners, and no flock ever had a more tireless shepherd.

Outside Aid supplies hundreds of items, like religious articles, clothing, books and magazines, to mental patients; writes thousands of letters in the interests of various ones, and hundreds of letters-to-the-editor.

All this has been done on a shoestring. Dr. Tom tries to get the churches and communities from which the patients come to buy the things they need. When this fails, he digs into his own pocket.

"We don't need more hospital beds for mental patients," Dr. Opie holds, "or more facilities, or more doctors. Mental illness is *not* increasing, it is decreasing. We need to get cured cases out of the hospitals much more than we need to get new cases in."

Recently, Leo Martus, Outside Aid's legal advisor, received a letter from a former missionary, a patient in an eastern institution, stating that he was sane and should be discharged. Martus and Dr. Tom are used to having mental patients claim to be sane, but they investigated anyway and became convinced that this one actually was completely cured and should be discharged.

Attorney Martus secured a writ of habeas corpus and had the missionary brought into court, where he testified for more than three hours. When Outside Aid said that a home had been found for him, the judge ordered his release. Today, the missionary is living a happy, normal life on his own farm.

Sometimes Outside Aid is able to prevent people from being wrongfully institutionalized. A Midwest mother, for instance, took her daughter to court, alleging "incapacity to adjust due to insanity." The girl appealed to Outside Aid.

Dr. John M. Grimes of Chicago, Outside Aid's psychiatric advisor, called on her and declared her to be quite sane.

An attorney showed that the mother wanted her daughter adjudged insane so that she could get the $3,000 the daughter had coming from the Government for services during World War II. The court supported Outside Aid's argument and refused to order her commitment.

The principal reason why thousands of sane people in state institutions are not released, Dr. Tom believes, is because there is no place for them to go. In most states, the law forbids the release of a patient unless he will be provided with a good home environment where the hospital's welfare workers can periodically check on his adaptation to normal life. Often no such home is available.

Outside Aid is kept busy finding homes for such patients. In this, Dr. Opie cooperates with the Massachusetts Mental Aid Society, which maintains a "Half-Way House" where patients can await placement in homes.

Tony, the talented watch repairman in the Connecticut State Hospital, for instance, could be released at once if he had a home. Dr. Tom is currently endeavoring to find one for him.

"So far, not one of the 49 patients released through us has had to return to the hospital," Dr. Tom says proudly.

Dr. Opie and his associates have a somewhat unorthodox philosophy of the mental health problem. "The first thing we'd do if we could," says Dr. Tom, "is divorce the care of the mentally ill from politics. Next, we'd unlock most of the doors and throw away the keys, as they've done in some places in Canada and Scotland. And we're working for the abolition of the cold-pack, the pre-frontal lobotomy and shock treatments.

"We believe in *normalizing* the environment of mental patients. We believe in establishing villages where they will be relatively free citizens but where the environment will be specifically adapted to their enfeebled capacities, where they will feel like *patients* instead of prisoners. You have to *love* these people before you can help them."

For thousands of mental patients, Outside Aid is the only link with the world of normalcy which often seems to have forgotten them. This little organization and the tall, gentle, stubborn old priest who founded it are keeping alive their hopes for eventual freedom, while giving new urgency and meaning to the idea that mental patients are people, and that often the best way to cure them is to treat them like people.

Skyline Report

A VISITOR was riding in a taxi in New York City when the driver slowed up a little to miss a pedestrian. Apparently figuring that such unusual courtesy called for an explanation, he turned to his passenger and said: "If you hit 'em you've gotta fill out a report."

—*Winston Salem Journal*

A TIMID-LOOKING GENTLEMAN who had finished taking in the view of the skyline from the top of New York's Empire State Building was waiting 102 stories high for the elevator. When the car doors opened he inquired politely of the operator: "Down?"

—MILDRED LEE

FASHION WRITERS attending a showing of spring dresses in New York saw nothing unusual in one dress featuring a wildly plunging neckline and a high back. Paul Parnes, the designer of the dress, did however.

He pointed out to the embarrassed model that she was wearing the dress backwards.

—*United Press*

THE MAGICAL SENSE OF SMELL

by **WILL BERNARD**

It leads us around by the nose in our everyday lives—for many of our actions are but subtle reactions to the odors around us

RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR EYES you are carrying around one of the most marvelous gadgets in the world: your nose.

Man has been fascinated by his nose ever since the dawn of history. He has considered himself lucky when it sneezed, unlucky when it itched. He has laughed over it, cried over it, celebrated it in song and story.

But only recently has he begun to figure out how the wonderful thing performs the magic we call smelling. Most of us think of smell as a sort of junior partner to the sense of taste. Yet the truth is just the other way around. It's not your tongue but your nose that really savors your food.

When the aroma from a sizzling steak drifts into your nostrils, the work of your smelling apparatus is only beginning. Not until you've popped the meat into your mouth does smell come into full play.

As you chew, you release fumes of odor that rise through the back of your mouth into the inner recesses of your nose—where the olfactory nerve is located. It's there that you discover the delights of a steak that is "done to a turn," a lemon pie that is "scrumptious." Your tongue tells you of only four basic flavors—sweet, salty, sour and bitter—but your nose can distinguish tens of thousands of them.

The next time your nose is stuffed up by a cold, mince some onion in one dish and some sweet apple in another. With your eyes

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blindfolded (to shut out the power of suggestion), taste each mixture.

You can't tell the difference. Both will have a slightly sweetish flavor, because that's all that the limited facilities of your tongue can tell you about them. And your nose isn't on the job.

UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, science knows pretty well how this sense operates. Your olfactory organ consists of two flat membranes, one in the upper portion of each nostril, each about the size of a postage stamp. Sticking out of the membranes, like so many lines on a telephone switchboard, are tiny hairs. When the odor reaches these hairs, it sends electrical impulses racing along an intricate network of nerves to your brain. There the impulses "light up" a specific code which your brain translates into the appropriate sensation.

But a crucial link in this chain of events has long been a mystery. Exactly what happens at the point of contact? What touches off those telltale impulses? How does your sense of smell pick up the message?

Your ear receives the message of a sound by vibrations. Your eye receives the message of a sight by light waves. But no such simple explanation seems to fit all the known facts about the subtle sense of smell.

One theory after another has been put forward to clear up the enigma. And now evidence is mounting that your smelling equipment can receive odors in several ways, not just one.

Thus there is reason to believe that the damp film around your olfactory hairs can trap tiny particles, dissolve them and start off a chemical reaction—something like a glass of water setting off the fizz in a fizz-powder.

There is also evidence that your olfactory organ is equipped with zig-zag-shaped receptors which react by meshing with odorous molecules of the same shape—much as a lock reacts by meshing with the right key.

Still other experiments indicate that you can detect an individual odor by the special way it disturbs the fine enzyme balance of your olfactory cells.

It's small wonder that no scientist can yet claim to have all the answers. For your nose can receive, analyze and sort out odors with a speed and finesse that no laboratory instrument can duplicate. When you notice the perfume of a girl you pass on the street, you are sensing an amount of odor so infinitesimal that no mechanical device now known could either detect or record it.

At top efficiency, your nose can probably detect as little as two trillionths of a gram of a strong-smelling chemical.

As far as we know now, there may be no limit to the number of smells the human nose can recognize. And since almost everything around us has some odor (usually more than one), it can readily be imagined what a busy crossroads your olfactory mechanism really is.

Handling such a flood of sensations would be a lot harder if your nose didn't have a remarkable talent for adaptation. When an odor comes in strongly, you automatically "tune down the volume" by a process known as odor fatigue.

Smell a carnation. The first whiff is powerful, the second weaker—and pretty soon you can't even smell it at all. Thus the potent stench of the stockyards doesn't spoil the appetite of the men who work there—because their noses quickly learn to live with the smell, to make it "normal" instead of offensive.

Unfortunately, however, this phenomenon of odor fatigue also blunts your awareness of your own breath and body odor.

Another strange quality of your nose, often noted but little understood, is its uncanny partnership with memory. Even a casual smell can instantly resurrect an experience from the dim past. A British psychologist got some startling results by plying a group of adults with selected odors—to see what memories he could evoke. One subject, smelling cedarwood oil, remembered his school days, apparently because of the cedarwood odor in pencils.

Because it does operate so stealthily, your sense of smell seldom gets full credit for what it does. Not only taste, but sound and touch and sight often hog the front of the stage of consciousness, while smell does its work behind the scenes.

Some years ago, for example, a group of women were asked to make a choice between two kinds of hose. Although they didn't know it, the stockings were exactly alike in every detail except one: one of the two kinds had been faintly scented.

By a three-to-one ratio, they picked the hose with the fragrance. Yet, when questioned as to their reasons for choosing, none mentioned the fragrance. Some, trusting their sense of touch, mentioned "texture" and "feel." Others, relying on their sense of sight, talked about "color" and "sheen." Not a single woman realized she was led by her nose!

Because of its far-reaching effect on our moods and emotions, our sense of smell has been called "the shortest route into the subconscious."

The smell of your own home, when you return from a journey, can induce a sense of relaxation and well-being. Efficiency experts have recommended pleasant odors to improve the morale in factories. Doctors are discussing "odor therapy" for hospitals, such as scenting the room of a Southern patient with the smell of honeysuckle or hot biscuits. Smart merchandisers now use not only price appeal and eye appeal but also nose appeal as well.

While your sense of smell is winning new respect, it might also awaken growing envy in these days of political storm and strife. For the world of olfaction is a world of perfect democracy. Odor has no prejudices, plays no favorites. To you, as to everyone else, the aromatic abundance lies open—yours for the smelling.

Quoteworthy

IF IT WERE as easy to arouse enthusiasm as it is suspicion, just think what could be accomplished. —*The Grayson County News*, LEITCHFIELD, KY.

MALE

MODEL

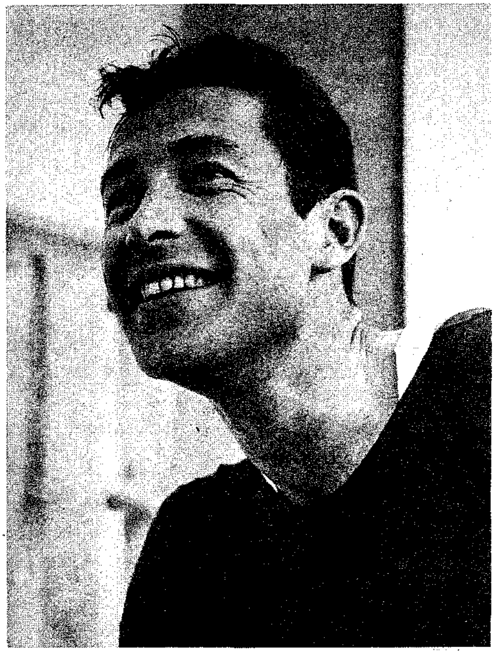
A new vogue in advertising photography has made ex-baseball player Phil Kennedy a $25,000-a-year property

How does a professional baseball player wind up modeling men's fashions at $35 an hour? Philip Joseph Kennedy, 30, laughs: "I slid into it by accident."

After three years of Navy convoy duty in World War II, he played as an infielder in the Yankee (and later, the Phillies and Cardinal) farm system. But five years in the minors—at $110 month—weren't moving him any closer to the big leagues or solvency. Kennedy had a wife and son to support. So off-season he worked in an exclusive Madison Avenue men's shop as a salesman, graduating in time to floor manager.

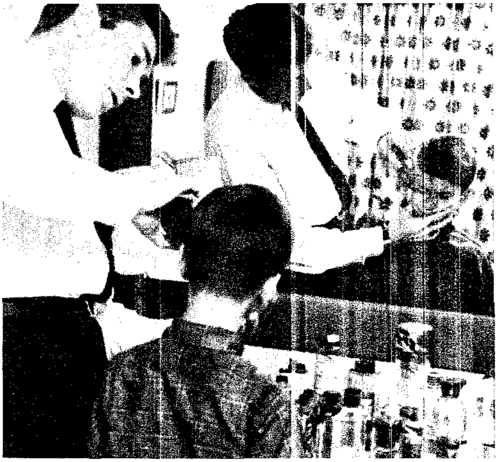
There, advertising men, checking correct styling, frequently consulted Phil. His friendly, assured responses impressed one account executive, who invited Kennedy to handle accessories and model a suit for an ad.

The session was successful and soon Kennedy had other offers to model. These off-hour jobs started to pile up, until Kennedy discovered he could earn a better living posing for photographers full time than he could by chasing infield popups, or floor-managering.



Six-footer Kennedy (size 40-long suits; weight: 165; chest: 40; waist: 32) earns $25,000 yearly as America's top male model. He explains his success: "I'm clean-cut, look like the boy next door and luckily, clothes fit me naturally."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY SHORR



"How many pictures you posing for today?" asks son Bobby, 7, as Phil combs his hair for school in the morning.

At London Shop, wife Shirley insists that Phil is too conservative, while owner-friend George Brown referees.

Phil likes colorful golf outfits, and shoots in the high 80s. Here in the clubhouse he gabs with Lawyer Dick Halpern and fellow-models Lee Bennett and Jim Horn.

“I try to make friends everywhere. Getting along with people is important”

On the surface, Phil Kennedy has a casual, laugh-it-up approach to life. But behind that easy-going manner is a realistic philosophy: “I’ve learned you can always catch more flies with honey.” The lesson was driven home when Phil’s father died. At 9, Phil took a paper route and later a gas-station job to help out at home. Modeling has brought him a comfortable income and valuable contacts. Unlike most of his female counterparts, he can model for another 15 years, if he matures gracefully; photogenic middle-aged men are scarce. But Kennedy is taking no chances. Looking ahead, he devotes spare time to a Manhattan public relations firm, where he is now an account executive. He also promotes a golf glove made by his brother-in-law and keeps an eye out for profitable business investments. Screen-tested last year, Kennedy has had nibbles from movie companies. But he is reluctant to leave a lucrative New York present for an uncertain Hollywood future.

His wife says Phil’s hep on the latest styles in child-raising, too. They have a year-old daughter.

Kennedy hails cab with model Joan Scott for joint booking. His travel expenses total $40 weekly.

“You never know what comes

SINCE World War II, male models have been in unprecedented demand, and Kennedy must contend with nearly 300 male competitors. “I sell time and services,” he says, matter-of-factly. “I’m not selling myself, I’m selling the theme for a product. I’ve got to be flexible, to be able to handle any assignment.”

Kennedy has no weight problem. He never diets, and usually likes a large bowl of ice cream every evening. His photogenic range: males from 28 to 35. Photographers praise his ability to grasp what is needed—and give it. His work requires a

For artist’s illustration, Phil and Rita Egan pose as newlyweds.

His physique—baseball-hardened—gets
tographers need “outdoor-man” type. Here

up next. It's a challenge"

clean-shaven face, which means twice-a-day beard-mowing—unless pictures call for virile appearance.

Kennedy has to supply his own clothes for modeling jobs, except for fashion layouts. He carries an attaché case with two pairs of gray flannels, two sport shirts, two dress shirts, four pairs of socks, six ties, shaving gear, and varied props. His other photographic wardrobe includes 12 suits, 6 sport coats, a tuxedo, 48 white shirts of different collar styles, 12 blue shirts for TV shows (commercials and acting parts) and 24 assorted sport shirts.

When wrong-size sweater arrives for catalog photo, Phil must stand still for last-minute slitting and pinning.

Phil bookings when pho-
he models a windbreaker.

In bearskin, Kennedy tries stance on all fours for photographer: "I'd stand on my head if asked."

Finishing another animal shot, Kennedy takes a breather before next assignment.

Human Comedy

JESSE BLOCK AND HIS WIFE, Eve Sully, the vaudeville stars, returned to their dressing room at the Palladium in London to find a thief had taken their jewelry.

They called Scotland Yard and a detective arrived complete with derby, pipe and umbrella. He questioned everyone so thoroughly there was no doubt in anyone's mind the jewels would soon be recovered.

The following day there was a phone call. "Mr. Block, this is Inspector Gray of Scotland Yard."

"Yes, yes," answered Block. "You've found our jewels?"

"No—but have *you* found my umbrella? I think I left it in your dressing room." —*A.M.A. Journal*

A NEW YORK WOMAN always had heard that the South was romantic, but her first house party in Mississippi so far surpassed her expectations that she became a little worried.

"I've a problem and I don't know what to do," she told her hostess. "All the boys are proposing to me!"

"My deah, don't trouble yuah head a minute," the older woman reassured her. "On a Mississippi house party that's just common courtesy." —*Capper's Weekly*

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, the British conductor, decided to walk to a rehearsal one morning. To protect himself against the early spring chill, he donned a heavy fur-trimmed coat. But as the sun rose higher, the mercury rose, too. Sir Thomas took off the coat and carried it.

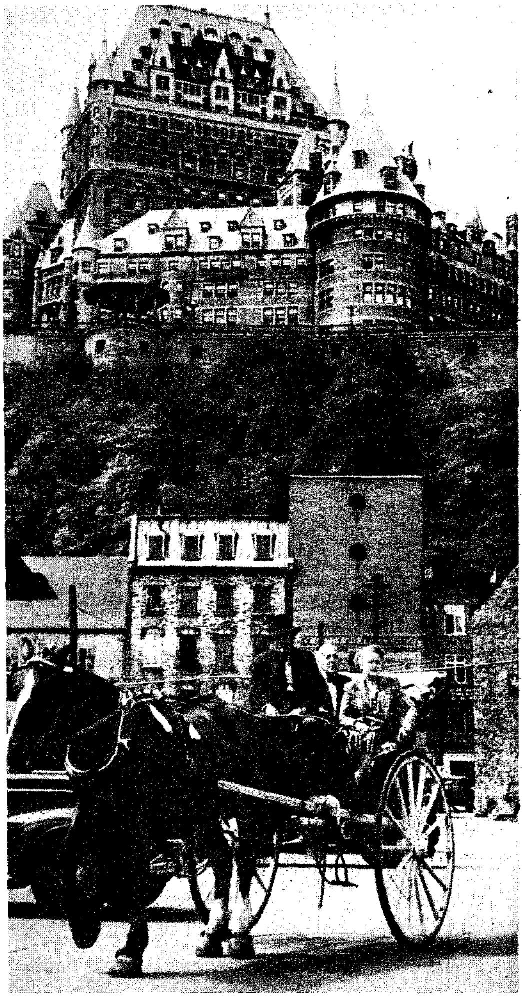
It got heavier and heavier, until he could stand it no longer. Hailing a cab, Sir Thomas tossed the coat on the seat, slammed the door and told the amazed driver: "Follow me."

Setting his hat at a jaunty angle, he proceeded briskly to the rehearsal, the taxi obediently trailing behind. —MAUREEN MULKERN

AN ITALIAN SCIENTIST visiting America was being shown through a large milk bottling plant when a pipe sprang a leak and milk spurted in all directions. Immediately one man calmly turned off the main valve, another repaired the leak.

The Italian visitor was dumbfounded. "In my country," he said, "everyone would have run around shouting; nobody would have thought of turning off the main valve until everything had been covered with milk. They would have had a wonderful time and talked about it for the rest of the day." He shook his head: "That's the reason you have so many nervous breakdowns here—you don't let yourselves go!" —*Pathfinder*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Canada's

by **Evan M. Wylie**

A regal hotel serving both commoners and kings, the famed Chateau Frontenac, high above Quebec, stands ready to fulfill any whim

A tourist couple strolling through the lobby of Quebec's famed Chateau Frontenac Hotel last summer was startled to see a veritable mountain of suitcases and trunks that reached to the ceiling.

"What in the world is happening?" the wife asked Harry Bartlett, the Chateau's bell captain.

"The Empress of Scotland has just arrived," he replied.

"My goodness," gasped the woman, "be sure and point her out to us."

The *Empress of Scotland* is a Canadian trans-Atlantic liner that stops at Quebec on its way up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, but actually the tourists couldn't be blamed

Castle in the Air

for expecting to encounter royalty. Towering over Quebec like a mighty medieval castle, the Chateau does seem the sort of place where you might expect to meet an empress.

Instead of the sleek, streamlined modern decor of most big hotels, its interiors feature marble-balustraded grand staircases, mirrored ballrooms patterned after Marie Antoinette's palace at Versailles, vast promenades hung with mellow tapestries and glittering crystal chandeliers, public rooms with huge fireplaces and massive beams of fumed oak, and royal suites. ("Sleeping in King George's bed," makes a postcard note that is bound to startle friends back home.)

Within sight of Chateau windows are the high-gabled, 17th-century houses and the narrow, twisting streets of the only walled city on this continent, and battlefields that changed the course of European empires. The richly historical sites nearby, and its atmosphere of turreted splendor above the most glamorously European city this side of the Atlantic, have made it one of the biggest tourist attractions in Canada.

The Chateau lobby is staffed with special attendants to aid those baffled by some of Quebec's quaint customs. They solicitously explain that instead of struggling up the steep inclines from the Lower Town, guests can use an elevator concealed in the face of the great cliff; that in Quebec you can drink all you like but must do it in a lounge, sitting down; and, though you may make merry in the city's nightclubs, you must return to the Chateau to dance. It is the only establishment in the city that is licensed to hold dances.

Despite its elegant trimmings, the Chateau is not an exclusive hotel. Quebec's French-Canadians are fiercely proud of it; and there is scarcely a local event of any consequence, from gala wedding feasts to hush-hush business and political deals, that isn't planned or staged in its cafés, banquet halls, ballrooms or secluded private meeting rooms.

"There's probably more intrigue going on around here any day than there used to be in the châteaux of old France," observes Bell Captain Bartlett after three decades' service.

Bartlett's close-range observation of the endless parade of notables who stop at the Chateau has ranged from the Duke of Windsor, who invariably spent his elevator ascents practicing golf strokes, to the King of Siam who was escorting his pretty wife into the elevator when a rude guest noted his diminutive stature and remarked loudly to a companion, "What a king!"

"I knew they had overheard,"

Harry recalls, "and I froze. But, without turning a hair, the little fellow looked at his wife, bowed low and said very softly, 'And what a queen.' "

Harry is known to scores of "repeater" guests in the U.S. and Canada as "Harry at the Chateau." Often, women whose husbands are in Quebec on business call him long distance to let him know the husband is having a birthday or wedding anniversary while he is at the Chateau. Bartlett passes along the tip to Maître d'Hôtel Alfred Thomas who surprises the husband with his favorite cigars and a bottle of champagne.

Room clerks and assistant managers have been drilled by Manager George Jessop into models of black-coated, high-collared dignity, but they take a personal interest in the Chateau's guests.

One famous American writer of western novels ran up a huge bill which he couldn't pay. Checking with his publishers in New York, an assistant manager was told the writer was easily good for the sum if he would only do a bit of work.

Meanwhile, the writer went off on a bender and was picked up by the police. The determined assistant manager taxied down to the jail with a typewriter and paper from the hotel office. He procured a desk from the jailers and told the prisoner, "Start writing."

In one week, the incarcerated author had produced a story.

It was forwarded to the New York publishing house without explaining the circumstances under which it had been written. By return mail came a check for $4,000. This paid the writer's bills and persuaded the police to release him from jail.

In the morning, the Chateau is astir before daylight. Lights flick on in the top floors where the chambermaids live high among the turrets and steep copper roofs, specially designed to shed Quebec's heavy snows. In the huge kitchens the staff of 200, including 75 chefs, begin preparations for the first of the 6,000 meals they often serve daily. In subbasement freezing rooms, apprentice cooks gather the pheasants, grouse, lobsters and delicacies imported from all over the world which make it possible for the chefs to boast they can prepare almost any dish a guest can think of, even on short notice.

WINTER is a busy season at the Chateau. Practically every snow and ice pastime is available from curling and skating to dogsled racing. Toboggans whoosh at mile-a-minute speeds down a steep slide outside the Chateau; skiers board buses at the entrance to fan out to nearby Laurentide slopes; more sedentary-minded visitors burrow under bearskins and buffalo robes in gaily painted sleighs to go jingling through Quebec's crooked streets.

Christmas at the Chateau is celebrated in the medieval castle manner. Enormous yule logs waft woodsmoke perfume through the great corridors adorned with mistletoe and holly.

On Christmas Day, a Boar's Head procession, led by heralds with silver trumpets, pages and court jesters clad in brightly colored 14th-century costumes, winds through the

It has mirrored ballrooms, tapestried promenades, marble-balustraded grand staircases . . .

halls. Four men bearing a 200-pound baron of choice beef are followed by others with boar's heads, suckling pigs, glazed hams, 25-pound Gaspé salmon, turkeys, game pies and, finally, a flaming 50-pound plum pudding.

To see the Chateau at its best, admirers say, you must come in the twilight of the summer evenings when all Quebec promenades on its Dufferin Terrace, a quarter-mile boardwalk that overlooks the old city. Spread out below is the broad sweep of the St. Lawrence with its ocean liners, freighters and tiny "goelet" pulpwood boats from the Gaspé Peninsula.

The boom of the sunset gun in the nearby Citadel fortress, with which the Chateau shares the heights of Cap Diamant, is a reminder of the famous battle on the Plains of Abraham that sealed the fate of French colonies in America forever.

Few of the tourists awed by the Chateau's majesty know that the fabulous hotel was conceived and built by an American, 37-year-old William Cornelius Van Horne, who directed the construction of the Canadian railroad from Montreal to Vancouver. To feed his passengers, Van Horne had been forced to build restaurants which he later transformed into a chain of hotels and lodges that the Canadian Pacific today operates from British Columbia to Nova Scotia.

Summoned to England to be knighted in 1890, he offered the excuse that he was extremely busy with plans for what would be "the most talked-about hotel on this continent."

With New Yorker Bruce Price, famous then as an architect and later as the father of Emily Post, he decided that the heights above Quebec offered one of the most spectacular sites for a hotel he had ever seen. Price rose to the challenge with the design of a French château which was named after Count Frontenac, the 17th governor of Quebec.

Probably the most exciting week in the Chateau's long history came during World War II when, without warning, the Canadian government abruptly commandeered the Chateau and went about evicting 800 noisily protesting, outraged guests.

As cordons of Canadian Mounties, Marines and American Secret Service men were flung around the hotel, Quebec seethed with rumors that the Pope had fled from Rome and would use the Chateau as a second Vatican until the end of the war.

Actually, it was the famous meeting of their combined staffs to plan the Allies' D-Day invasion of Europe. While the leaders conferred daily in the nearby Citadel fortress, the Chateau housed and fed their staffs and served as a world-wide communications center.

One evening during the Conference, a waiter whispered to security officers that a suspicious black-bearded stranger clad in sweater and slacks had slipped in from an outside terrace and joined a woman in civilian dress at a corner table. Bearing down on the table, the security officers came to a sudden halt and saluted the unconventional General Wingate who, through Churchill's influence, had been flown in from the jungles of Burma to spend a few days in Quebec with his wife.

Another occurrence was kept secret until after the war. A porter cleaning up one of the conference rooms found a bulky roll of colored maps behind a chair. After glancing over them, he turned them in to his superior.

Tight-lipped intelligence officers were on the scene in a few minutes. The porter was whisked away to be questioned for hours and then placed under round-the-clock surveillance that lasted for a year.

The maps he had picked up were part of the plans for the D-day invasion of France.

"I never heard how the slip came about," comments Bell Captain Bartlett, "but a lot of us old-timers weren't too surprised by it. After all, plots and intrigues about everything from weddings to wars have been going on up on this rock for 300 years."

Stroke of an Artist

ROBERT HENRI, the well-known artist, was attending a private showing of pictures in a New York gallery. He was standing before a fine Sargent, when his attention was attracted by a brawny individual admiring the same canvas and murmuring: "They have given me a good place at last."

"You in this sort of work?" Henri inquired.

"Been in it for years," replied the brawny one, "and this is the first time that I ever got on the line."

"Ah, indeed?" exclaimed Henri. "And where is your picture?"

The man pointed to the Sargent.

"That?" said Henri. "Why, Sargent painted that!"

"Painted it," sniffed the other. "Yes, I think Sargent was the man who painted the picture—but it was me who made the frame."

—MAXWELL DROKE, *The Speaker's Treasury of Anecdotes*, (*Grosset & Dunlap, Pub.*)

ARTIST JAMES M. WHISTLER often lived beyond his means. As a result, he was hounded by creditors. Their presence caused him no distress. Rather, he treated them with the utmost cordiality.

Once, when a persistent creditor called at the artist's home to collect a bill, he was served champagne.

"If you cannot afford to pay your bills," he demanded with some asperity, "how can you afford to drink champagne?"

"Your anger is too hasty, sir," replied Whistler. "I assure you, I haven't paid for this either."

—E. E. EDGAR

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THOSE YOU TRUST THE MOST

Your doctor

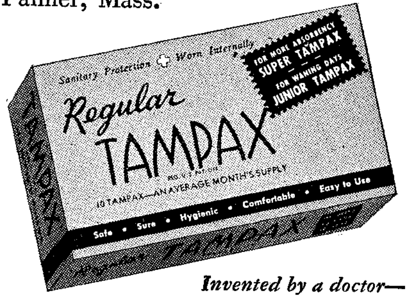
Doctors know about Tampax. It was invented by a doctor to give women safe, comfortable, completely hygienic sanitary protection. It employs the well-known and medically accepted principle of internal absorption. No chafing or irritation possible. No chance of odor forming.

Your mother

Many women have used Tampax for twenty years—ever since it was first invented! It's been tried and tested, praised and proven year after year. And now literally *millions of women use billions of Tampax.* It's sold, used, in seventy-five countries all over the world, from Stockholm to Singapore, from Cairo to Copenhagen. Tampax is accepted everywhere!

Your best friend

Often someone your own age can give you the best idea of what using Tampax is like. The freedom! Comfort! How wonderful it is not to be hampered by the pin-belt-pad harness. You can't even feel the Tampax when it's in place. How nice that your hands need never touch the Tampax! (Even disposal is easy.) How convenient to carry "extras"! How confident and poised you'll feel—no matter what time of the month it is—if you use Tampax. Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug and notion counters everywhere. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.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New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This new method removes excess fat with a diet planned by a physician.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11″x9″x6″ and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.

Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4″ off abdomen and 3″ off hips; the other 2½″ from abdomen and 3″ from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2″; Hips 3″; Upper Abdomen 1″; Upper Thigh 2″; Knee 1½″; Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

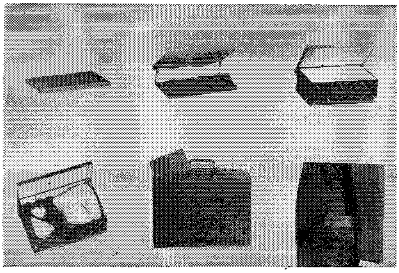
Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old-timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

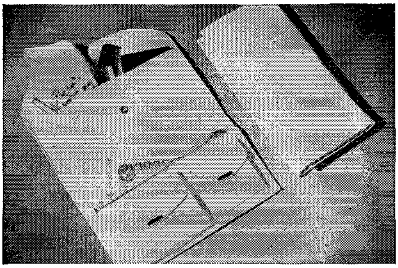
I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-9: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 1210 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 980 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1010 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

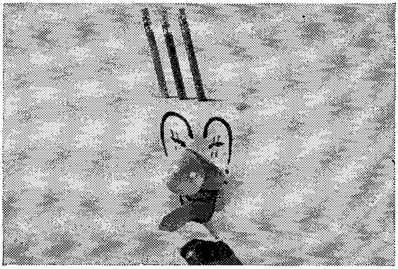
Products on Parade



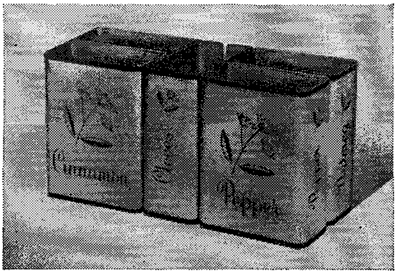
COLLAPSIBLE lunch box folds to ½" thickness for easy after-meal storage in pocket, brief case or note book. 8½" x 5½". When open, it can hold 2 sandwiches and dessert. Metal case with plastic handle. Brown plaid. $1.74 pp. Bob Mitchell's Prod. Dept. CT, Box 4241, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.



BOODLE BAG is a purse organizer which can also be used as a handbag. Has compartments for coins, bills and cards. Pocket holds hankie, etc. Crushed cowhide. Powder blue, yellow, pink, flax, scarlet, black, tan or white. $5.65 pp. Boulevard Bag Shop, Dept. C, 116-21 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, New York.



THIS SAUCY CLOWN makes a wonderful first-day-of-school companion for new little students. Bright red plastic nose is a pencil sharpener; stuck-out tongue an eraser. Three slots in head hold pencils. Wood face. Suction cup base adheres to desk. $1.00 pp. The Added Touch, Dept. C 9, Wynnewood, Pa.



BRIGHTEN the kitchen by covering spice cans with these decorative metal boxes. Fit most popular brands. Floral design. Yellow with black, or pink with gray. Set of 5 for pepper, nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon and mustard. Shower gift. $1.00 pp. The Burgess House, 426-C South Sixth St., Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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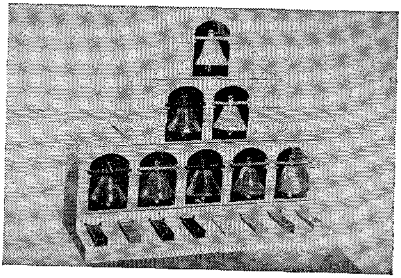
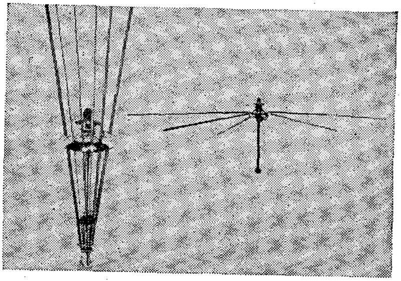
Products on Parade

EMBROIDER a farm sampler complete with Pennsylvania Dutch maxim. Scene includes farm couple, house, flowers and animals. Kit contains 13"x16" design imprinted on linen, colored floss and instructions for working and framing. (Frame not included.) $1.00 pp. Jane Snead Samplers, Box 72-C, Media, Pa.



CHILDREN will love learning to play tunes with this bell tower. Each bell, individually colored, corresponds to matching key on board. Music sheets have colored notes which show child exact key to strike. Tower is white plastic. 12½"x14½". $4.98 pp. Here's How, 27-C East 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.



COLLAPSIBLE clothes drier opens like an umbrella to give 9′ of drying space. When folded, Hi and Dri is 5" in diameter. Can be mounted on laundry or bathroom wall. Handy for frequently washed clothes. Chrome plated steel. $2.98 pp. Oxoboro Heath Mfg., Box C, 910 13th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

DIETETIC
Adolph's
MEAT TENDERIZER
SEASONED
DIETETIC
Adolph's
MEAT TENDERIZER
NON-SEASONED

ADOLPH'S meat tenderizer for persons restricted to salt-free diets is made in both seasoned and non-seasoned form. This salt substitute makes food more palatable. Seasoned tenderizer contains herbs and spices in addition to low sodium chemicals. 5 oz. jar $1.75 pp. Adolph's, Box 1203 CR, Burbank, Calif.

(*Continued on page* 96)

For additional mail order products and services, see the enlarged *Coronet Family Shopper*, beginning on page 159.

Now!
NORFORMS®
VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
NORFORMS
A Norwich Product
Tested by doctors . . . trusted by women

Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

1. *Antiseptic* **(Protective, germicidal)**
Safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. *Deodorant* **(Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. *Convenient* **(So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. Greaseless . . . keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

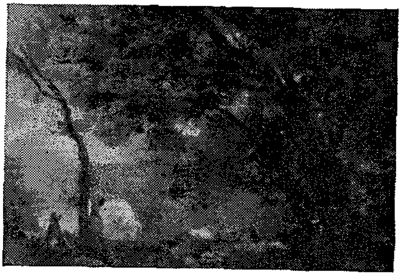
Mail this coupon today

FREE **informative Norforms booklet**

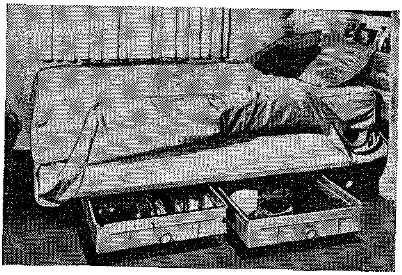
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-69
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name ______________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street ______________________
City __________ Zone _____ State _____

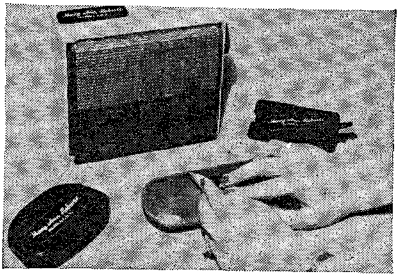
Products on Parade



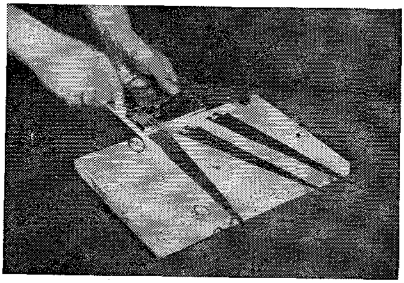
SOUVENIR OF MORTEFONTAINE by Corot is reproduced in full color on Italian silk. Encased in folder-portfolio suitable for framing. 6½"x9½". $1.50 pp. Swatch and catalog of contemporary, Renaissance and modern masters available for $.25. World Art Reproductions, 206 E. 44 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



UTILIZE wasted under-bed space with a stow-away drawer. Case clamps onto frame of metal or wood bed. Drawer can be opened from either side. Holds blankets, etc. All metal. Illustration shows 2 drawers. 30"x24"x5" $13.95; 36"x30"x5" $17.95. pp. Sunset House, 105 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.

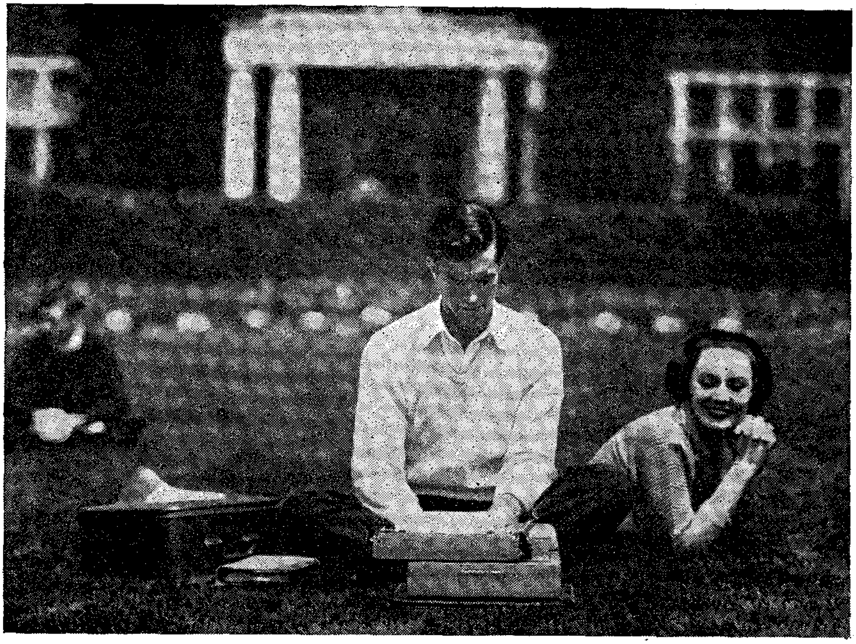


LEATHER NAMEPLATES identify your belongings easily and neatly. Name and address are inscribed in 24 kt. gold. Adhesive back adheres to radio, eye glass case, luggage, etc. Black, brown, tan or blue. Set of 8, $1.98 pp. Sample free on request. Stylecraft, Dept. A, 389 Broadway, N.Y. 13, N.Y.



SQUARE-LEVEL saw set has steel cutting, compass and key-hole blades. Special steel handle allows blades to rotate to any cutting angle. Built-in horizontal and vertical level. Square inside and outside handle facilitates measuring. $1.98 pp. Harnell Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 11 East 17 St., New York 3, New York.

For additional mail order products and services, see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 159.

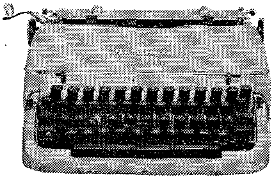


SITTING PRETTY

with a new Remington Quiet-riter portable

Tests show that students who use typewriters get up to 38% higher grades. Give your boy or girl this advantage in the school year just beginning. But before you buy, see the new Remington Quiet-riter... no other portable is *easier* to buy! As little as $1 a week puts the Quiet-riter in your home, ready to serve you and your entire family. See your Remington Dealer about terms and down payment, if any.

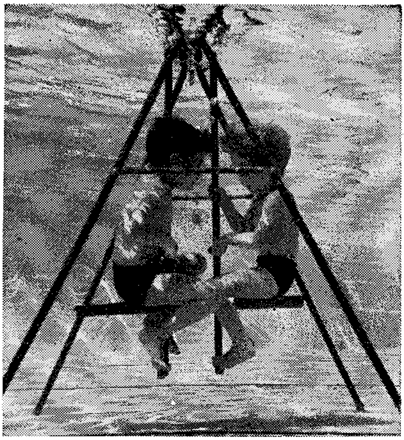
And you can now choose your Quiet-riter in any of these handsome decorator colors—*Desert Sage, Mist Green, White Sand and French Gray*. Elegant luggage-type carrying case and touch typing instruction book included!

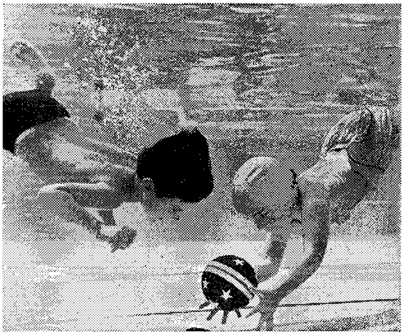


ONLY $1 A WEEK

Remington Rand

DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION





Underwater Elves

SWIMMING IS A GAME to the wee Weismuellers and Esther Williamses who attend Jen Loven's swimming school in Los Angeles. There, in an underwater playground, the kids swing together (*top photo*), play with beach balls (*center*), swim through hoops or even look at pictures while seated (*bottom*).

Getting her pint-sized pupils to hold their breaths underwater was quite a problem to Mrs. Loven. Then one day a four-year-old accidentally drove a toy car into the pool. The kids dived down to play with it. Seizing on this stroke of fate, Mrs. Loven added other waterproof toys to entice the children below the surface.

Mrs. Loven believes that young children don't like to feel they are being taught. She asks them to submerge their faces first, to see how many bubbles they can blow—and works down from there. The water in her pool is always comfortably warm —around 90°—for nursery nymphs.

You never turn your back on comfort in Adler SC* size-guaranteed socks

America's first and only virgin wool ★shrink-controlled sports-casual socks

90% virgin wool strengthened throughout with 10% nylon for double-durable wear. ★Shrink-Controlled, wash them any way you like, size remains the same or your money cheerfully refunded. Popular 10″ length, high-spliced heel, fashioned ankle.

Fine stores feature

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America's Master Sockmaker

$1 the pair. Olympic White and 9 sports colors, sizes 9 through 13. Olympic White in half sizes, too.

Choice of Olympic Champions

MAKERS OF WOOL, COTTON, NYLON, SPORTS, CASUAL, HUNTING, SLIPPER SOCKS

At stores everywhere. Send today for free descriptive literature and the fine shop nearest you.

The Adler Company, Dept. C-96
1603 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Please send me free descriptive literature and my dealer's name.

Name..............................

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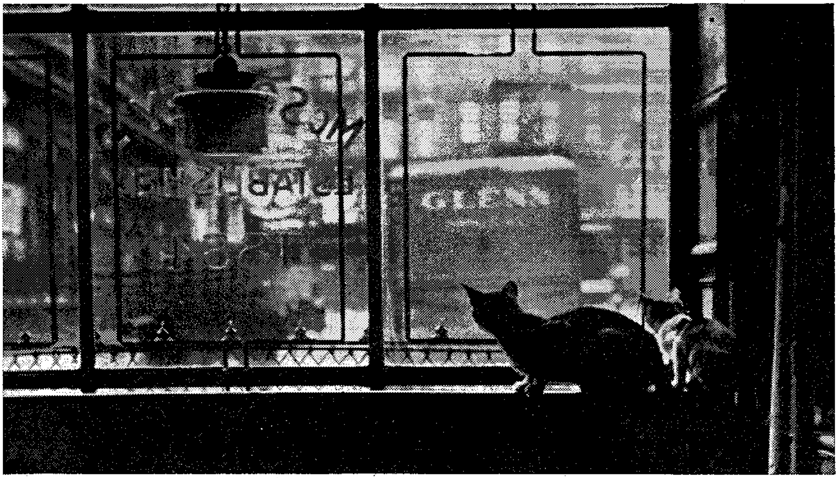
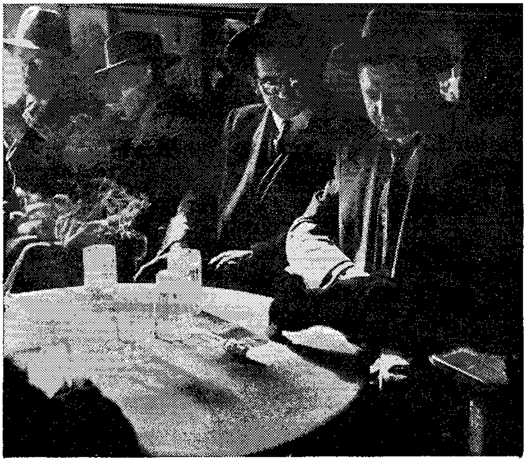


The only females in the place, two McSorley cats, haughtily eye the morning traffic.

McSorley's Wonderful Cats

Blend ale, onions and cats, and you have McSorley's, the oldest saloon in New York. For 102 years the old pub has boasted it allows "no ladies" within its hallowed brown walls but cats (the four-legged female variety) are welcome.

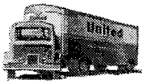
McSorley's regulars are accustomed to cats pouncing onto tables and helping themselves to the ale house's fare. The felines and their antics are as much a part of the old bar's tradition as its fine ale.



(*Continued on page 102*)

Moving out of town had us worried, upset

"then we heard about United Van Lines' Pre-Planned Service!"



Moving from one city to another city usually involves tension, confusion, irritation. *But—it need not!* Most of the unpleasant features . . . a lot of the muss and fuss . . . are eliminated by a United Pre-Planned Move. Expert Movers then plan all the details . . . take care of the packing . . . move your goods safely in a clean ®Sanitized van. Wherever you move, they stay with you all the way . . . until you're settled in your new home . . . call nearest United Agent for free estimate.

United ® MOVING WITH CARE United VAN LINES INC EVERYWHERE MOVING WITH CARE United VAN LINES (CANADA) LTD. EVERYWHERE Van Lines Inc.

UNITED VAN LINES

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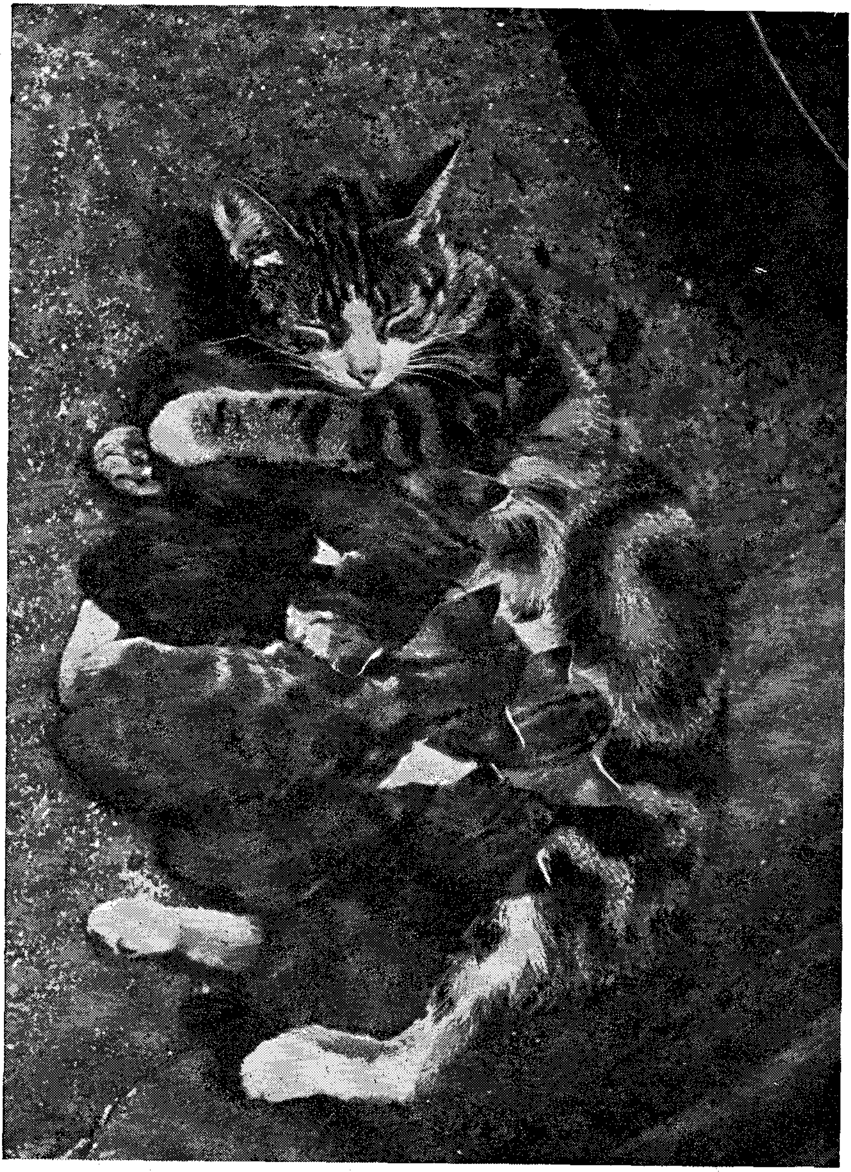
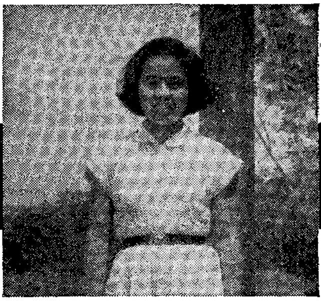
SEE PHONE BOOK UNDER "MOVERS" FOR NEAREST UNITED AGENT



This new generation of kittens has *old-fashioned tastes in liquid* refreshments.



CHILDREN ARE STILL SOLD INTO *Slavery*

Here is Lin Sieh Cing, somewhat reserved, but a very sweet and kind little lady. She was a slave, bought and paid for. Her family lived in the jungles of Borneo. One day head hunters attacked her home. Sieh Cing saw her father and mother beheaded, she herself was frightfully slashed. She was sold into slavery but escaped and is now in a small orphanage, the only one serving a vast area of North Borneo where an estimated 2,000 children are sold into slavery each year. The price for a boy is $100, for a girl $150 to $200. Many of these slave children are used as opium runners. Lin Sieh Cing is fortunate. She is in a CCF orphanage. But what of her hundreds of younger sisters, helpless to defend themselves and with no one to protect them and of her brothers, some as little as six, peddling opium?

Can we Americans complacently accept the privileges God gives us and ignore such children when we can help them with a gift of any amount or "adopt" them for $10 a month? You can "adopt" and place a child in an orphanage and receive the child's name, address, story and picture and correspond with your child. Under the CCF Adoption Plan children can be "adopted," for $10 a month, in all the following countries. Austria, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States and Western Germany. Incorporated in 1938, CCF assists children in 210 orphanage-schools and is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.—"He who gives to his neighbor feeds three—himself, his hungry neighbor and Me." Vision of Sir Launfal.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

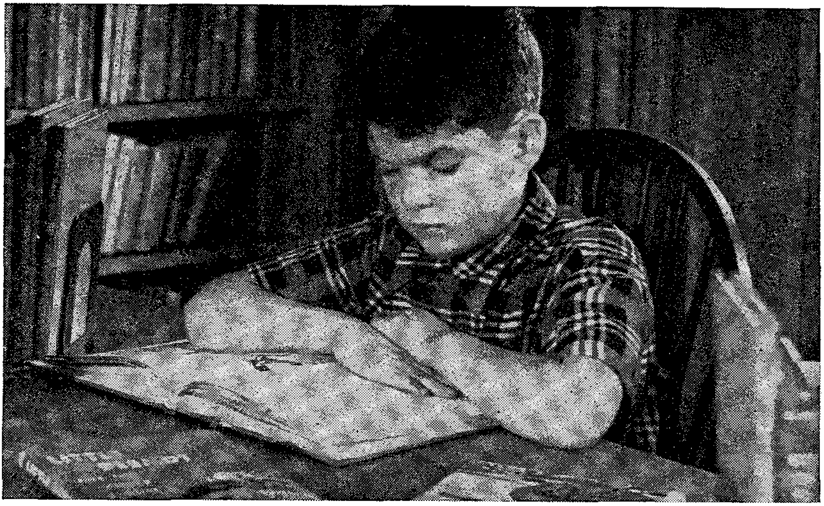
I wish to "adopt" a boy.......................
..................................girl for one year in
....
(Name Country)
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year .... first month .... Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $..................................

....Please send me further information.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY................................ ZONE......
STATE ....

Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are deductible from income tax.



JOHNNY WILL *WANT* TO READ . . .

when he has a *reason* for reading . . . something vivid and real that makes him *want* to read. Johnny has such a reason when his curiosity is aroused by an interesting motion picture . . . then he *wants* to read as quickly as possible about what he has seen.

Experience proves that nothing sets the stage for reading better than well planned and graded instructional motion pictures. Coronet Films has produced nearly 40 of these delightful films for primary grades, offering rich visual images and carefully planned vocabulary to form an exciting adventure in learning.

And while Johnny gets a good start in developing reading skills with the help of Coronet films, he is increasing his knowledge in many areas at the same time.

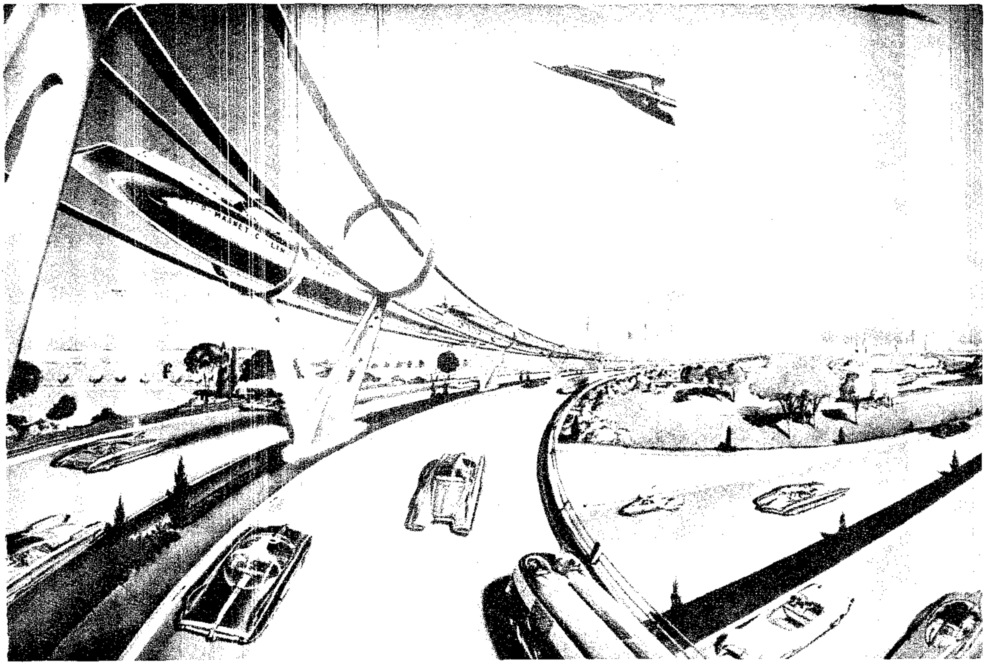
Among the finest graded instructional films for reading interest, supervised by the leading authorities on reading methods, are:

A Boy of the Circus
A Boy of the Navajos
The Carnival Comes to Town
Fluffy, the Ostrich
Polly, the Parrot
Prickly, the Porcupine
Shaggy, the Coyote
The Three Little Pigs
The Adventures of Two Little Goats

For further information about purchase or rental of these and other fine Coronet language arts films, available either in color or in black-and-white, write:

Coronet Films

● Dept. C-956 ● Coronet Building ● Chicago 1, Illinois



CORONET'S CAR OF THE FUTURE

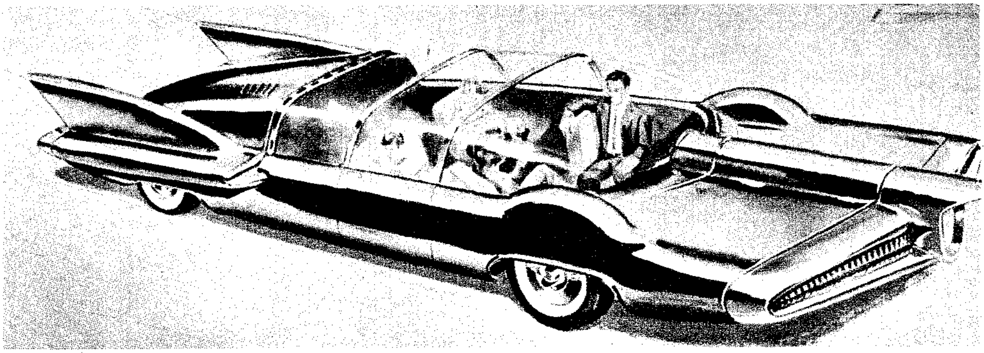
by HERBERT C. ROSENTHAL

SOARING FAR into the scientific future, automobile designers manage, in rather short order, to make today's dream car look like yesterday's soapbox derby special.

As a result, car buyers expect much more than did steel magnate Andrew Carnegie in 1916, when, gazing at his new Winton Six, he exclaimed with pride, "This is the ultimate in automobile perfection."

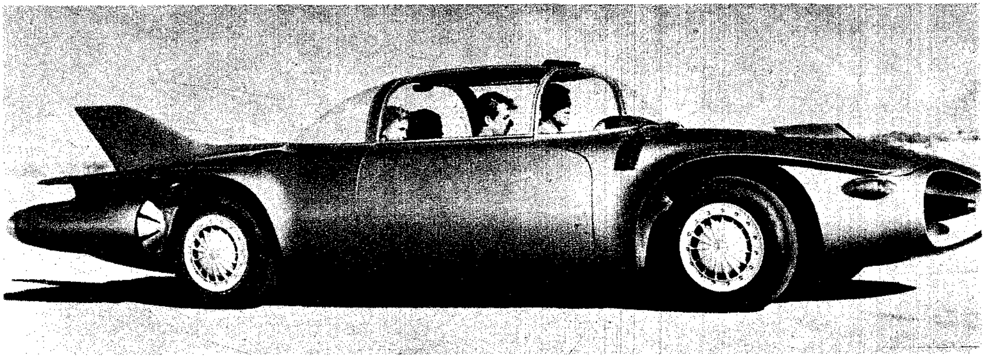
Of course, the ultimate is never. But on the following pages are the revolutionary models now on drawing boards and testing grounds. Incorporating some of the best features in each, Coronet presents its own version of the Car of the Future—an intriguing preview of what will be not too many years hence.

CHRYSLER'S HIGHWAY CRUISER



Lower, wider and longer than today's cars, it would be powered by a turbine engine mounted in the rear. The Urbanite, a smaller, simpler version, is Chrysler Corporation's nominee for around-town driving. Both models put the accent on high visibility for the driver and passengers.

GENERAL MOTORS' FIREBIRD II



A 200-horsepower, kerosene-burning gas turbine powers this experimental car, which GM has successfully road tested. The body shell is finished with titanium, an extremely strong but lightweight metal. The roof is built almost completely of a plastic material. Car seats four.

ARE THESE CARS JUST DREAMS?

Harry Chesebrough, Chrysler Corporation's chief body engineer, made some comments about the Chrysler model on the opposite page that apply to all the automobiles shown in this story.

He said, "Nothing here is really outside the scope of present-day engineering. In fact, many of these developments are already in use in other fields, and require only some study of basic applications and cost-reduction work to make them feasible for automobiles. For example, an electronic guidance and control system that has been developed by a major company of high repute could easily find automotive use some day soon."

(Confirming Chesebrough's point, a trade magazine has already announced that a "radar brake" may be introduced on some 1957 models.)

The brake question interests quite a few of our experts. A. J. White, director of Motor Vehicle Research, Inc., calls for fluid coupling brakes, such as we have shown in the Coronet Car of the Future. White also favors incorporating a landing-flap type brake on the roof and under-carriage of the dream automobile.

White isn't happy with our present day engines, either. And A. R. Lauer, director of Iowa State College's famous Driving Research Laboratory, agrees. "The present engine is antiquated," says Lauer. "It maintains all the bad features of carburetion, lubrication, cooling, vibration, etc."

TURBINE ENGINES

General Motors, in the Firebird II shown on the opposite page, has developed a gas turbine engine which aims to eliminate these disadvantages. A small four-burner jet engine uses kerosene as fuel, turning it into a fast moving stream of hot gas. This hot gas spins a turbine or windmill, creating power which is geared through a transmission to the rear wheels. A newly developed regenerator, or heat exchanger, recaptures more than 80% of the turbine's exhaust heat. This is used to raise the temperature of air brought into the heating chamber, which greatly improves the engine's economy of operation.

Another experimental car powered by a turbine engine has been developed by Harry Ferguson, well-known British inventor. However, Ferguson's engine uses a fluid—not a gas—to turn its turbines.

Ferguson's car is also said to be able to turn its wheels at a 90° angle. This would enable you to park easily —without spoiling a fender or your temper—in a space only slightly larger than the length of your car.

The Ford Engineering staff has another suggestion for easing parking problems: sliding doors that will ease your way into your car in crowded parking lots.

HELP FROM POLARIZED GLASS

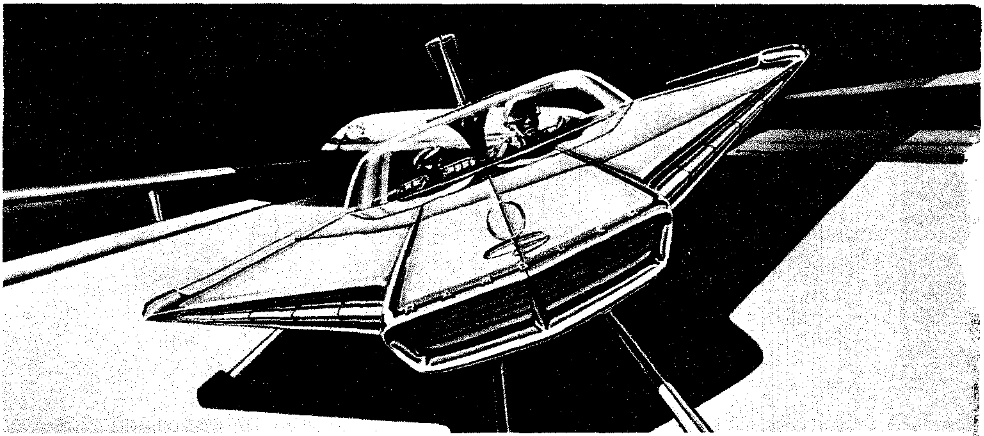
Ford also foresees headlights ten times as brilliant as those in use today. Because of polarized glass on your windshields and headlights, your brights will not bother the motorist coming toward you—and his brights won't bother you.

American Motors has been looking at the future, too, as the American Motors sketch shows. E. E. Anderson, styling director for American Motors, says: "The children of today will be the car buyers of tomorrow, and that is one of the main points stylists must consider when planning cars of the future. With the tremendous impact of television on youth, there is no question that the popularity of shows featuring rocket ships will have a great influence on conditioning their minds toward jet-age design."

In Washington, D. C., where many people are busily studying the auto industry's future trends, one expert in the traffic and highway field has suggested a number of features we have incorporated in Coronet's Car of the Future. In addition, he says: "Perhaps the truly ideal car of the future would be one in which the operator could dial his destination, push the starter button, and then be automatically transported economically, safely and rapidly with no further effort on his part. To visualize such a car may be looking too far into the future . . ."

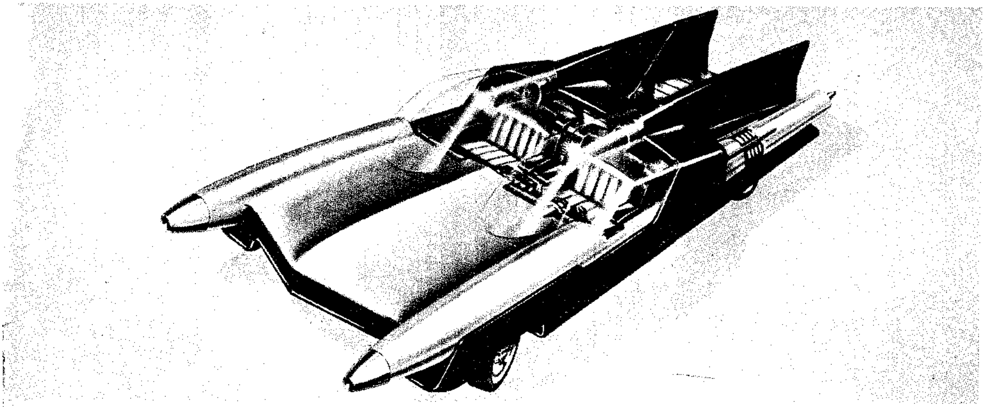
Perhaps that's true today. But tune in again about ten years from now, when Coronet's Car of the Future is already on the road. By that time it ought to be a cinch for us to blueprint the Pushbutton Car for you, as the next step forward.

AMERICAN MOTORS' RAIL RAMBLER



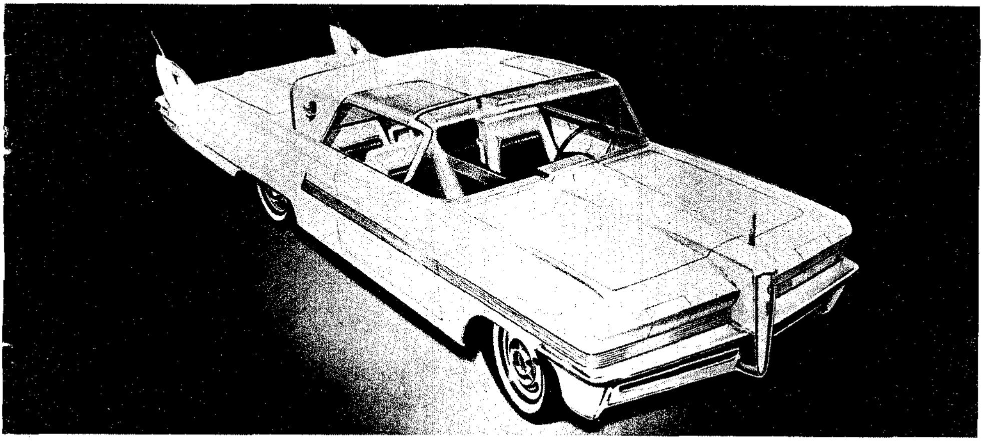
If railroad tracks are the basis for our toll roads of the future, as some traffic experts predict, then American Motors has this sketch ready. The car would enter a pay station, hook onto a rail, retract its wheels and blast off with jet-power speed up to 200 miles per hour.

FORD'S JET-POWERED TWO-SEATER



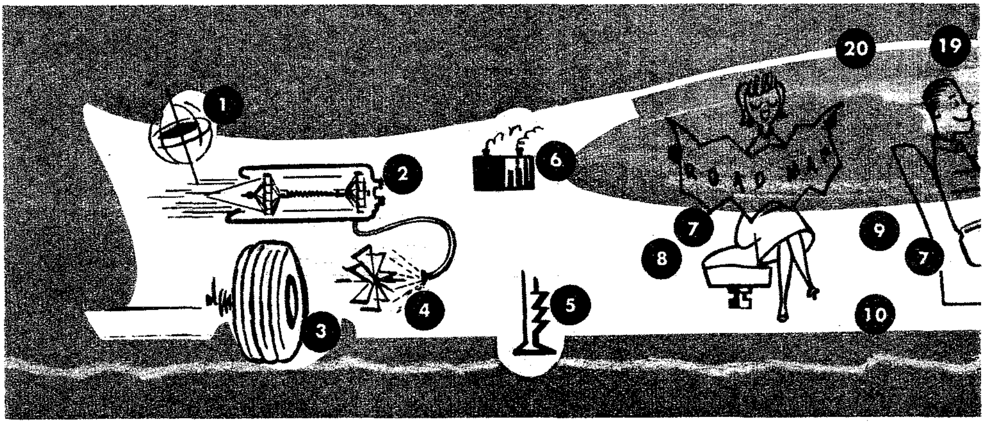
Frankly a "drawing-board dream," this model would release its jet power through blast tubes at the rear. Passengers ride under a transparent bubble canopy. Tail fins provide a positive degree of stability at high speed or when the car slashes around sharp corners.

THE PACKARD PREDICTOR



This car has door extensions which roll into roof, making it easy to enter low-slung interior. Roll-top roof can be kept open while driving, and rear window lowered. Also featured are a shock-absorbing bar that would replace the front bumper, and swivel seats.

CORONET'S CAR OF THE



1 **Gyro Fin Stabilizers (A,F,I)**

Keep your car from turning over when traveling straightaway or around corners at high speeds. They act as a counter-balance.

2 **Jet Turbine Engine (C,D,F,G,I)**

Burns kerosene and is more efficient and powerful than your gasoline engine. Turbines are sturdy and trouble-free.

3 **Side Swivel Wheels (D)**

Let you park by rolling in sideways instead of having to back in. A blessing for city motorists who fight for curb space.

4 **Turbo-Brakes (A,B,C,D)**

Use a fluid coupling to slow down your wheels quickly, but won't allow them to lock and skid; a great aid on slick pavements.

5 **Automatic, Built-in Jacks (A)**

Power-operated to make changing tires easy; ideal if flat develops while car is up against curb.

6 **Lifetime Battery (E,F)**

Lasts as long as your car, and never needs recharging or addition of distilled water.

7 **Safety Belts (A, H)**

Electronically hooked up, so that your car won't start unless the front seat belts are fastened. They're a proven safety factor.

8 **Rotatable Seats (A,C,J)**

Give you more comfort and a better view. They lock in place when you apply the brakes, so you can't be tossed about.

9 **More Streamlining (C,J)**

Windows, trim and door handles are built flush to the body to cut down wind resistance.

10 **New Body Materials (C,F,G)**

Light, strong aluminum, magnesium, titanium, and molded plastics form—or protect—car body.

11 **All-Purpose Lever (A,B,C)**

This single control lets you operate steering wheel, foot accelerator, brake pedal and clutch pedal in one simple operation.

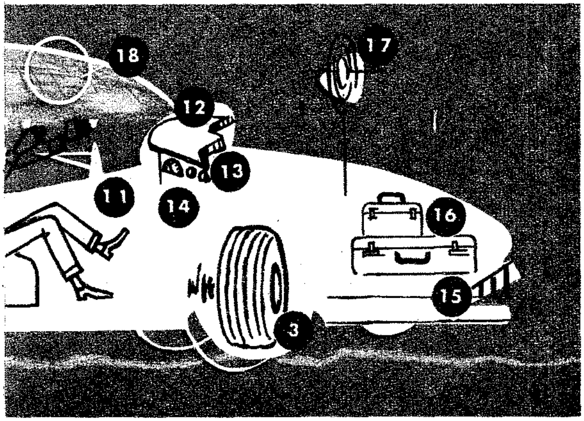
12 Padded Interiors (A,B,E,H,J)

They're made of sponge rubber, plastic or other material that prevents serious injury if you are thrown against them. Fabrics encase their own seat coverings.

13 Automatic Warning Devices (E)

Signals warn you if you go too fast, have excessive carbon-monoxide in car, or show signs of falling asleep at the wheel. It's done by magic of electronics.

FUTURE



GRAPHICS INSTITUTE, N. Y. C.

SOURCES OF THE FEATURES SHOWN IN THIS CAR

A. Driving Research Lab.
Iowa State College
A. R. Lauer, Director
B. Motor Vehicle Research, Inc.
So. Lee, New Hampshire
A. J. White, Director
C. Chrysler Corporation
Harry E. Chesebrough
Chief Body Engineer
D. Harry Ferguson Research, Ltd.
British Experimental Car
(Newspaper Reports)
E. Highway Research Field
Washington, D. C.
Traffic and Operations Engr.
F. Ford Motor Company
Styling Office and
Engineering Staff
G. General Motors Corporation
Firebird II
(Experimental Car)
H. Institute of Technology
University of Minnesota
Prof. J. J. Ryan
I. American Motors Corporation
Edmund E. Anderson,
Director of Auto Styling
J. Studebaker-Packard Corp.
Packard Predictor
(Experimental Car)

14 Self-Inflating Tires (A, E)

In addition, tires are puncture-proof. When the pressure shows a drop, a dashboard indicator automatically tips you off.

15 Hydraulic Gunwale Bumper (H,J)

Protects your whole car, and greatly softens the impact of collisions. The hydraulic action is more effective than padding.

16 Front End Storage Trunk (C)

This becomes the place for your luggage and traveling gear, now that the motor is in the rear.

17 Radar Brake (A,C,E,J)

Bounces signals off vehicles ahead, and applies brakes automatically if cars get too close. A built-in reflex à la Detroit.

18 Polarized, Glareproof Glass (C,F)

You can switch on a molecular film in the glass to give you privacy and prevent glare from the sun or oncoming headlights at night.

19 Transparent Roof (C,F,G)

Made of a new type of plastic that gives you more structural strength and less weight. The roof is completely weather-proof.

20 Air Conditioning (C, E)

You can set it for the driving temperature you prefer, aided by sealed windows. It's motoring and luxury living combined.

Susan
THE SUMMER NOISY BOOK

TEACHER'S FIRST DAY

FROM AS FAR BACK as she could remember, Joan Vasseur Ott had always wanted to be a teacher. Finally, when she was 21, fresh out of the University of Southern California where she had been an honor student and English major, she stood before her first class—the first grade at the new Rancho Santa Gertrudes Elementary School in Downey, California, about 45 minutes from downtown Los Angeles. A teacher at last, Joan was proud of her new and important job; and with her natural love for children, she was eager to guide them into the wonderland of learning. But, as enthusiastic as she was, she was still a little awed by her new responsibilities and worried about what the children would think of her youthfulness and inexperience. Yet, as the day began, Joan, drawing on her own inner strength and her training, handled her tasks as neatly and skillfully as if she had been on the job for years. The day, however, was not without challenges. Here is how Joan, facing the same problems as hundreds of new teachers, fared on her first day.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE GOODMAN

SHE FINDS INSPIRATION

A boy's gift makes Joan feel welcome.

Teacher and children

As THE DAY moves along, Joan is surprised to find that a group, like individuals, can have a personality of its own. Knowing this, she becomes alert to the moods of the class, calming the children when they start fidgeting and arousing them when they tend to daydream. It is hard work; but each moment holds a new thrill, a new experience that brings with it the joy of discovery. A child doesn't understand. Joan explains again. Then he *does* understand. His eyes sparkle and he smiles quickly. He has *learned*. And Joan, like a young actress who has drawn her first applause, has scored. She is teaching. She is giving. And she is experiencing the satisfaction of seeing a child grow and expand his world.

THEIR EAGERNESS TO LEARN

ecome more united as a group as they sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" together.

Eager to help, she worries when she cannot fully answer a child's question.

In play, too, their world is her's.

AT WORK AND PLAY JOAN BECOMES THEIR EXAMPLE

PLAYING AND WORKING with her pupils, Joan finds that being one of them doesn't lessen her authority. Instead, she and the children are drawn even closer together and she understands them better. With 28 pairs of critical eyes constantly upon her, she is increasingly aware that what she does becomes the example for the children—whether it is a matter of words, numbers, personal habits, manners or simply fair play.

When boys get into a fight at recess, Joan acts as judge and peacemaker.

After time out to play, the children get back to work with new enthusiasm.

Joan started the day with an elaborate plan; but she soon has to improvise in order to meet the demands made on her in her multiple role of teacher, substitute mother and also confidante.

It's a relief when the bus goes. Yet Joan already thinks eagerly of tomorrow.

Midgets of the Woodland

by Fred Grant Harden

On the brink of extinction, Florida's "toy deer"—found nowhere else in the world—now have a fighting chance

FOR MANY YEARS, the mangrove-covered Florida Keys were the home of a species of deer found nowhere else in the world. These animals, the rarest in America, were tiny, and they came to be known as the "toy deer."

Six years ago, word filtered out of the Keys that the pygmy-sized creatures faced extinction. What nature hadn't been able to do with years of hurricanes and tidal waves, man was doing with gun and hounds. A survey conducted by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in 1950 revealed that less than 50 of the rare deer existed, 200 short of what conservationists felt was safe for their continued survival.

These graceful miniatures of nature, seldom growing any larger than a collie, live on the coral and limestone isles near Big Pine Key, about one quarter of the way from Key West to Miami. Another survey late last year showed their count to be near 150, three times the figure first reported. A great deal of credit for the increase goes to a cop named Jack Watson.

When the Fish and Wildlife Service sent Watson, one of their conservation agents, to the Keys to put a stop to the slaughter of the tiny deer, they warned him his job wouldn't be an easy one. Keeping any kind of law on the Keys presents problems. The remoteness of the region, its relatively recent development, and the existence of the pioneer concept of conduct makes it a rugged place for a man with a badge.

A favorite practice of local hunters was to release a pack of hounds on one side of a Key and then boat around to the other side to shoot the exhausted creatures as they ran into the water. Stopping the hunters, Watson soon realized, would be no easy matter.

Though a state law protected the "toy deer" from hunters, no game protector had been sent to the Lower Keys to enforce the law adequately. As a matter of fact, the Fish and Wildlife Service didn't even have the money to send Watson to the Keys, and accepted the generous offer of the Boone and Crockett Club of New York, which said it would pay his salary and expenses until some official action could be taken.

However, the Federal government did maintain a bird refuge in the vicinity of the deer range, and it was against the law to hunt there. Hoping that none of the hunters would challenge his word, Watson set about stopping deer hunting, on and off the refuge.

"Law on the Keys was something a native never worried about, until he was caught," Watson explains. "And game wardens were more or less 'bird-watchers' and pretty much 'open game' themselves."

Watson was probably referring to Guy M. Bradley, young game warden hired by the National Audubon Society at the turn of the century, who was killed while protecting South Florida's birds from plume hunters. His admitted killers were released on a self-defense plea on what was called "insufficient evidence" by the local judiciary.

Two months after Watson took over the job of guarding the Florida Key Deer, the hounds stopped singing on the Keys. The methods he employed might seem a bit crude to the uninitiated, but Watson, a South Floridian himself, knew he wasn't dealing with an ordinary situation or with ordinary people.

For the first three or four weeks, Watson went up and down the Keys, warning everyone that, henceforth, there would be no more hunting in the Big Pine Key area. For these first few weeks, the hunters he did catch were released and given a warning.

"As soon as I explained the situation to most of the people, they accepted it. But there's always a few whose education isn't quite complete until they've had a 'run-in' with the law."

Watson believes he completed the "education" of this latter group about the seventh week after he moved to the Keys. Graduation Day occurred on a humid afternoon, as he was swinging his big, 250-pound frame through the thick brush on Big Pine Key.

Suddenly he heard a noise that drew him up short. Hounds! Quietly but quickly, he began working his way towards the hunters. A lot of thoughts passed through his mind, as he half-ran, half-stumbled through the undergrowth. This was part of the "legal" refuge and there wasn't a man on the Keys who didn't know it!

The hunters were still at their car, preparing for the hunt. Watson realized they were the same men he had caught a couple of weeks before and had turned loose with a warning.

Watson stood in the brush, just out of sight, and waited. As soon as the first hound was loosed, he stepped from the undergrowth and shot the dog through the head.

"The men were stunned, at first," he recounts. "Then they began to realize just what had happened and began to shake. I hated to kill that dog, but sometimes if you've got a fire out of control, you have to start another fire to beat it."

The hunters shuffled sullenly about, and then, without a word, just picked up their dog and drove away.

"Word travels fast in the Keys. After that, the hunting stopped," says Watson.

But now, the greatest threat to the deer's survival comes in the form of progress. In the last few years, land on the Keys has taken on magical property value, and development has been rapid. This development, if continued, will drive the toy deer into the sea.

Watson feels that only a permanent refuge will save the deer. Not too long ago, the Fish and Wildlife Service received authority to pay Watson out of appropriated funds, and a "paper" refuge was established. But now, at last, efforts to establish a real range have finally been realized and a headquarters site has been obtained.

Thus, the story of the diminutive animals is far from over. Their future now seems to rest in the hands of the local citizens who, with the help of a cop named Watson, will do their best to watch over the toy deer and save them from extinction.

* * *

Silver Linings

DO YOU KNOW *a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*

TIJUANA
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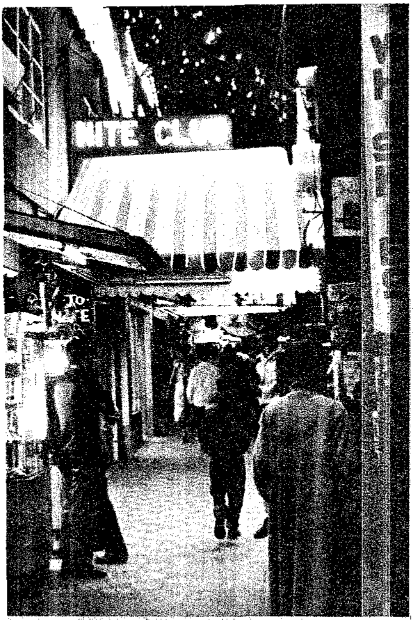


Nightclubs promising "real nude, real sexy" strip acts vie with streetwalkers in the shadows for the cash of American youngsters seeking new thrills.

macy to buy habit-forming drugs over the counter.

The city is Tijuana, just across the line from California. This Mexican city is only 17 miles south of San Diego on a good road, only a few hours' drive from Los Angeles on a broad state highway.

Some other Mexican border towns are tough and vicious under the surface, but Tijuana is the gaudiest, loudest and frankest bargain-basement of sin in North America.

In 15 years, Tijuana's population has swollen from 21,977 to approximately 110,000. Why? Because of the endless torrent of U. S. dollars into its cash registers. Every month, gringo visitors spend an estimated $1,250,000 there.

Minors drink without question in nearly any Tijuana saloon, though this is theoretically against Mexican law. As for drugs and sex, these aren't even theoretically illegal. Pharmacies sell barbiturates and hypnotic drugs—forbidden in the U. S. except on a doctor's prescription—quite openly. There is no law against them.

Three thousand prostitutes are licensed by the city, and given "health certificates" which they proudly display to prospective customers. Actually, the certificates mean little, because the women are inspected only once a month, and might become diseased an hour later.

Free-lance streetwalkers who don't have a "certificate" charge lower prices—sometimes only a dollar. Because of their bargain rates, these are the ones who get the teenagers and the young adults. The risk

Some kids come back roaring drunk . . . some with the glazed eyes and the stiff-legged walk that means dope

of infection from such low-priced girls is, of course, much worse.

Via Tijuana is the second largest port of entry into the U. S. Neither New York nor San Francisco sees so many people leave and enter the country. Each year, about 12,900,000 go through the gate at Tijuana. On weekdays an average of 10,000 streams past; on weekends, there may be 50,000 a day. To handle this enormous night-and-day flow of traffic, the U. S. has only four customs agents and 29 inspectors stationed on the American side of the border. These men aren't happy about their jobs.

"We see nice clean American kids stampeding through here every day," one said recently. "They have no adults with them. But there's no law says they must. We can't stop them. Late at night we see them come back. Too many are roaring drunk. Quite a few have the glazed eyes and stiff-legged walk that means dope.

"Sure, we can arrest them then, and we often do. But we can't very well arrest a hundred youngsters at once. We throw as many as we can into jail, hoping it'll scare the rest. But more and more kids keep going. And some of them carry back things we can't find."

They also carry back venereal disease, creeping infections from abortionists, hidden narcotics. One big Los Angeles hospital reports that where, as recently as 1950, it was admitting only three or four juvenile venereal patients a year, now it gets scores.

Increasing numbers of girls are hospitalized by the terrible aftereffects of crude and unsanitary abortions. Where had these luckless youngsters been? Tijuana.

On complaints from San Diego hospitals alone, 16 abortion mills in Tijuana have been closed in recent years. Yet hospital authorities estimate that these were but a fraction of the abortionists in business there.

The dope situation is even more frightening. Los Angeles police reported narcotics arrests of only two minors in 1942. In 1950 there were 107; in 1952 there were 233; in 1956, if the first four months' rate continues, there will be a startling 1,098 arrests. Many new addicts learn the habit in Tijuana.

From Pasadena, Hollywood, Beverly Hills and all the other neat well-policed communities in southern California, caravans of jalopies take off for Tijuana on pleasant evenings. From the great service bases in the area, young marines and sailors head in the same direction.

The Navy Shore Patrol says that about 30,000 boys in uniform enter Tijuana monthly; they have no idea how many more enter out of uniform, nor how many are underage. The total of civilian youngsters under 18 who go through the gate, without their parents, is estimated at 2,500 a month. The hubbub gives these American youngsters an excited feeling: the blare of Mexican music, the glittering curio shops, the tacos peddlers with their spicy food, the hell-red neon lights and the chatter of voices in two languages.

Along the Avenida Revolucion, the one main street, they stroll past ten saloons and 18 nightclubs. In the doorway of every nightclub, a hustler lounges. His job is to persuade passers-by to enter. He winks and mutters about strip-tease queens within: "Hotter than anything in the States. Real nude. Real sexy."

Boys who go in to see the show and sample the drinks forbidden at home soon have Mexican girls cuddling up to them. They are hired by the management to induce customers to buy more drinks. The girls get a percentage. Their own drinks are colored water.

After a boy is relaxed enough, the girl may suggest other things.

Washroom attendants offer the youngsters marijuana cigarettes at one dollar a "stick." The sales talk is smooth: "Why spend 20 bucks in the bar when you can do better right here on one?"

If the kids say no, the attendants lower their prices, eventually getting down to 25 cents a cigarette. If the kids finally buy, the peddlers grow bolder: "This is nothing much. I know where to get some junk."

Junk means heroin, morphine, or any narcotic. The first shot is inexpensive. Peddlers know a buyer will be back for more.

One Tijuana bookshop is reputedly the biggest seller of obscene books, pamphlets and pictures in North America. Youths who can't afford to purchase the material can study it in a curtained reading room for 75 cents an hour. Those who do buy can easily smuggle it back across the border and pass it around among their friends.

How is all this possible? Because policemen are poorly paid in Tijuana. The town cannot afford much of a police force, and civic authorities allow barkeepers and brothel madams to hire their own private police—to official Tijuana

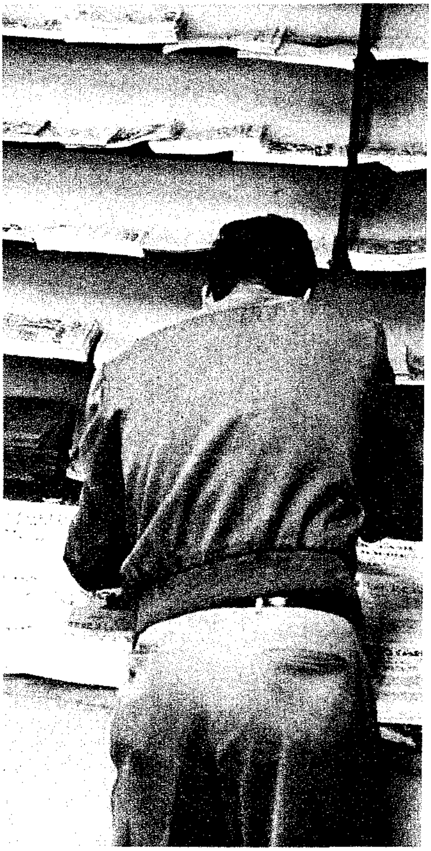
RITZ
CLUB
ATTRACTIONS
STORK CLUB
CLUB

Police Department uniforms—if they want them. Tijuana drugstore proprietors share in the racket of victimizing youngsters by displaying big jars full of colored capsules, much like the old-time jars of hard candy, usually beside the cash register. The colored capsules are not candy but "goof balls," as they are known in adolescent slang.

Goof balls include all drugs of the barbiturate or hypnotic groups. "Bennies"—short for Benzedrine—are stimulants. Each kind has its own name: Green Dragons, Yellow Jackets, Rainbows, Red Devils. These stand for such stimulants as Benzedrine and Dexedrine; for sleeping pills of Nembutal, Seconal, Amytal, Phenobarbital; for hynotics like Luminal tabs, and many more.

They are sold in Tijuana, quite legally, for less than 10 cents a capsule. The drugstore owner can buy a supply for $1.60 which will retail for a total of about $80. Naturally he is inclined to push them.

This is the worst worry of all to American narcotics authorities. In-



Sidewalks along Avenida Revolucion (*left*), Tijuana's most garish street, are crowded with low-voiced cabbies offering visitors their choice of vices. Some tout places where roulette and dice tables cater to nickel-and-dime bettors, supposedly pay big odds; others chant, slyly, "What's your habit, rabbit?" in typical American teen slang; still others shill for shops with curtained reading room where pornographic material can be perused for 75 cents an hour. One Tijuana bookshop is reputed to be the biggest seller of obscene books, pamphlets, and pictures in North America.

spector Henry Dowdy of the California Pharmacy Board issued a public warning last January that "addiction to barbiturates and amphetamines has become one of the major problems among juveniles in southern California."

According to Dowdy, it isn't unusual for a youngster to gulp a handful of goof balls on a dare, and chase them with a beer. This gives him a tremendous jag, which may lead him to crime or suicide or merely to delightful dreams, depending on the quantity and the individual. In any case, he becomes an addict—much more surely and swiftly, Dowdy says, than with other drugs.

Dowdy states that the goof balls from Mexico are the number one cause of poison deaths among adults in the Los Angeles area.

What can be done about Tijuana?

As long ago as 1948, the late Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia asked the Navy to declare Tijuana off-limits to its personnel. Rear Admiral B. H. Bieri (retired), then commandant of the 11th Naval District, refused, with this explanation: "Naval men who go to Tijuana will, in all probability, in a few months find themselves in Oriental cities, Mediterranean ports and other foreign places where conditions are worse."

In 1952, another Navy officer squelched a similar plan with: "Tijuana is a blessing to San Diego. San Diego is a clean city because of it."

This didn't make sense to San Diego's district attorney, Don Keller. For years, Keller has tried to get the border closed to unchaperoned teen-agers.

The Mexican national government claims it doesn't want American kids in Tijuana's vice parlors. Yet it would require new laws and cost a great deal of money to close the international gate to juveniles.

Neither Mexico nor the U. S. seems to have this power under existing treaties and laws.

Then, too, closing the border might work hardships along the Texas and Arizona line. All border towns depend on tourist trade, yet some are well-run. Therefore, some State Department authorities see this as a local problem which must be solved by local action.

On the other hand, how can San Diego County—or even the State of California—say who can or cannot leave the U. S.? And where would the money come from to hire the corps of guards and inspectors needed to put teeth into such a regulation?

There the matter rests. The Navy apparently wants the Tijuana gate kept open. Everyone else apparently wants it closed to teen-agers: narcotics agents, police departments, health authorities and school boards.

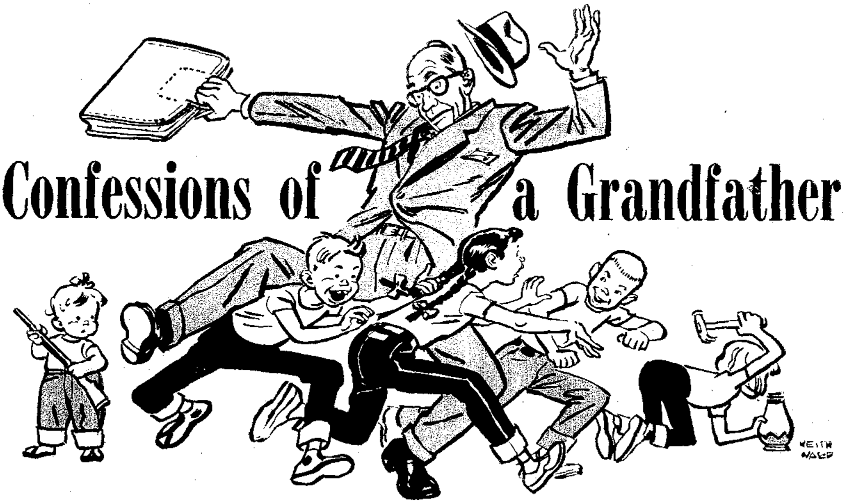
They have all been talking about it for eight years or more. But the gate is still open, and the laughing, wide-eyed kids pour through.

Personal Property

EVERYONE should own a really comfortable bed and a truly good pair of shoes, for he is in one or the other most of his life.

—*Woolery Digest*

Confessions of a Grandfather



by K. N. Hardin

The patter of little feet deafens as the author girds to cope with an invading horde of madcap moppets

I HAD rather looked forward to the middle fifties as a sort of reward for early and trying fatherhood. It was to be, I believed, a serene time of life.

My wife and I wouldn't have to ask for the car any more. We could take trips without worrying about depriving the family of necessities. With the house to ourselves, we could have a pale, solid-colored carpet in the living room and not be concerned with little footprints.

Above all, I looked forward to the peace and quiet of middle-aged life.

For several years, we did enjoy all these things. Our son was in the Army, our younger daughter in Alaska with her husband, and our older daughter and her husband were ranching in Oklahoma. They were all busily adding members to their families and our orderly routine was interrupted only occasionally when my wife flew to these various points to assist with newborns. But, other than that, our middle years were going just about as planned.

Then all three of our children—en masse—moved back to town.

Our house was suddenly filled with a constant flow of small people. I asked my wife if she didn't find the patter of little feet louder than it used to be, but she said no, it was just that we were older.

I had thought that we were pretty

well situated as far as the house and furniture went, but it soon developed that we didn't have enough room *or* furniture. We needed a high chair—well, actually we needed several, but we settled for two and they stand in line for these.

Then my wife informed me that a bathinet was an absolute necessity. I pointed out that the kitchen sink had been good enough to bathe *our* children in, but she was adamant.

So our bathroom, which was pretty snug to begin with, now houses a bathinet and a potty-chair. (And if there's one thing worse than a tricycle to stumble over in the dark, it's a potty-chair.) Our bathtub was suddenly populated with a variety of pastel animals which I grew accustomed to bathing with, but when my 12-year-old grandson launched a three-foot battleship in there, I put my foot down.

MY BIGGEST PROBLEM in relation to the little people is telling them apart. Now you think that's ridiculous, but I can tell *you* that it's a wise grandfather who knows his own grandchildren — especially when they're all dressed in uniform blue jeans and T-shirts. It's hard to even tell what sex they are — let alone their names!

My wife doesn't have as hard a time telling them apart as I do because she has one of those grandmother bracelets with the children's names and all sorts of data inscribed on little disks which she can refer to when confused. But I'm working on a system of my own now which should solve my identification problem.

When the little ones visit us I have cards ready to pin on their shirts. I've printed their names on these cards, and such pertinent information as: Boone—bites when cornered. Meredith—swallows gum and small objects. Sammy—drools when burped. Jack—extremely sensitive. And things like that.

I have pretty high hopes for this system. It will be especially helpful when the children are with us because I can always check their cards before correcting them. I made the mistake once of yelling, "Stop that!" to a little one who was taking the knobs off the television set and stowing them away in his pockets.

I'm here to tell you, I never saw such a reaction to a simple command in my born days. He fell over backwards (he was the sensitive one) and set up a banshee howl that brought my wife galloping in at top speed. She clutched him to her bosom and snarled at me.

Believe me, I haven't raised my voice to that particular child since. (And we get along pretty well without the television knobs. I keep a pair of pliers on the bookcase so that we can change channels.)

To be perfectly honest, this onrush of grandchildren *has* given me an insight into the younger generation which I wouldn't otherwise have had.

Take their eating habits, for example. They're appalling! In my day, we ate what was put on our plates and were glad to get it. Nowadays, each child has a peculiar food preference.

My daughters are all convinced that their offspring have delicate systems. But it's my own personal opinion that they could eat nails and digest them beautifully.

"Don't feed the baby enchiladas, Daddy," my oldest daughter admonished sharply. "You know he has a weak stomach."

Weak *stomach!* He bites the heads off *my* tropical fish and she says he has a weak stomach!

And you probably won't believe this, but I have one remarkably healthy granddaughter who apparently lives solely on cigarette butts gleaned from the ash trays. I have another who will eat only from one certain plate, and another who won't eat from a plate at all—just wants the food heaped on the tablecloth.

RACKETS ON OUR ROADS
Under the guise of "public protection," many states ruthlessly exploit out-of-town drivers in order to fill local coffers. Read this startling exposé
IN OCTOBER CORONET

I try not to interfere with the way *my* children bring up *their* children, but I'd like to suggest that their kids would all eat more if they'd just scatter peas and carrots around on the floor, because from my general observation they seem to eat a lot more off the rugs than they do off the table.

It amazes me that my three children could have such completely different ideas about discipline. One daughter believes in the reasoning theory, and I've had some pretty bad moments listening to her reasoning with a two-year-old who is lovingly cradling a new hammer in his arms. "Darling, this is Grandmother's vase. It was a wedding present 35 years ago, and Grandmother would be *sad* if Mama's boy broke it with his little hammer."

My other daughter believes in taking all ash trays, bric-a-brac and vases off the tables, and the difficulty really arises when both families are there at the same time. One daughter clears the tables—the other puts things back. And just between you and me, if something gets broken it very likely won't be the little people who do the breaking.

Actually, the hardest thing I've had to get used to is this newfangled system of humoring children.

One youngster spent the night with us during the heat of July, and while he was exploring the attic he found an old snow suit. Well, nothing would do but he'd sleep in that suit, and since he's the one whose card reads, "Please humor," we turned on the air conditioner and put him to bed. He sweated off several pounds before we finally got the suit off of him.

If you think I don't appreciate my grandchildren, I'll have you know I've made great sacrifices for them. Just the other day I flirted with death by eating a tea party concocted by my six-year-old granddaughter, whose card reads, "Feelings hurt easily."

I came in from work and went into the kitchen to find this little person brewing up a nauseating mixture.

"What's that, kitten?" I asked cautiously.

"It's your tea party," she replied proudly. "It has a half a cup of water, a handful of salt, a tablespoon of catsup and a marshmallow floating on top—and I have one, too."

"Later, dear, later," I said backing out of the kitchen. But when I saw her lower lip protruding, I hastily sat down and gulped the contents of the bowl. "*De*licious," I lied manfully.

"Do you really like it?" she asked. "Then you can eat mine, too. I think it tastes *tai*rable!"

I have even tried being a pal to my grandchildren. However, this buddy-buddy business has its drawbacks.

I bought an electric train for one grandson, and I pointed out that *my* house would be the best place to keep it—on account of his younger sisters. And I could—well, see that it stayed in good running condition.

This didn't work out too well.

"Let Granddaddy play with it for awhile," I pleaded. "You get to play with it all day while Granddaddy goes to work."

"Well, all right," he said grudgingly. "But you gotta quit running the engines together. And don't make it go so fast this time. You make it jump the track, and that's not good for it."

He finally took it over to his house, but he lets me come over occasionally and run it—just to see if it's still in good shape.

Now maybe you think I'm not proud of my grandchildren. Well, let me show you these snapshots I just happen to have with me. And while you're looking them over I'll tell you the funny thing my grandson said. Bright? Why that kid's a chip off the old block. . . .

A Word From The Wise

THE LATE Harrison Williams made fabulous millions in his utilities ventures. When the market crashed in 1929, there was a rumor Williams had lost $100,000,000. A friend saw him that week and could detect no signs of anxiety. "You look okay, for a man who's just lost $100,000,000," said the friend.

"My dear fellow," Williams shrugged. "It's the *last* hundred million that counts."

—LEONARD LYONS

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR of logic was attempting to teach his young son the principles of clear thinking and the necessity for defining all terms. He pointed to a wall clock which had just struck the hour.

"Now if I were to take a hammer and smash the clock," he said, "could I be arrested for killing time?"

"No," said the lad without a moment's hesitation. "It would be self-defense."

The professor frowned. "How do you figure that out?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the clock struck first."

—*Wall Street Journal*

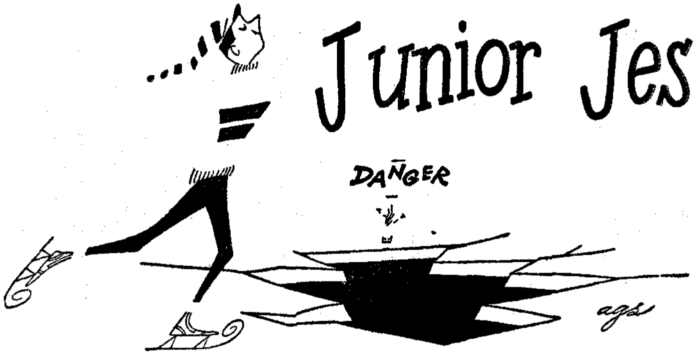
A "KIBITZER" hovered behind a card player for three solid hours giving advice. What's more, the player won consistently.

Suddenly he found himself in a quandary. Turning to the kibitzer, he whispered, "Well, smart guy, what do I play now, the ten or the queen?"

The kibitzer answered, "First you've got to tell me this: What game are you playing?"

—BENNETT CERF, *Good Time For A Laugh* (Hanover House)

Junior Jesters



A YOUNG BOY was the center of an admiring crowd after rescuing a playmate from an icy pond last winter. "Tell us," one spectator exclaimed, "how you came to be so brave."

"I had to," said the young hero. "He was wearing my skates!"

—MRS. E. MARSCHILOK

AN ENGLISH TEACHER was discussing the fact that Louisa M. Alcott, in writing about herself, stated that she tried to sell stories to keep the wolf from the door.

"What do you think Miss Alcott meant by saying she was trying to keep the wolf from the door?" the teacher asked one of the 10-year-olds in the class.

"I suppose," was the prompt reply, "she just didn't want the guy bothering her."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

A VERY YOUNG MAN ahead of me at the hosiery counter gave his order and the saleslady asked, "What length, please?"

He hesitated, then finally said, "Well—I really don't know her that well yet."

—MAURICE GASSMAN

ONE PLUMP GIRL to another, as they take off on a banana-split binge: "This is the most rigid diet I've ever broken."

—*Wall Street Journal*

TEEN-AGE BOY TO GIRL FRIEND on porch swing: "Of course I still love you, Ruthie, only my sunburn hurts."

—*Town Journal*

A SAN DIEGO MAN took his teen-age daughter up to Los Angeles to see her first nightclub. When the floor show came on the chorus girls appeared wearing just a dab of gold-and-black satin. As he stole an uneasy glance at his daughter, she leaned over and whispered. "Do you see what I see?" The father gulped. Then she added: "They're wearing my school colors!"

—STANLEY E. PILARSKI

God's Gospel Physicians

by Booton Herndon

Driving his dusty panel truck with the big white cross on the side along a narrow, tortuous road high in the Bolivian Andes, Burton Kepler, a young American medical technician, was suddenly hailed by a distraught native, who begged for help for his wife. Kepler hurried to a house nearby and found the wife lying on a rude pallet, her face contorted with pain.

Realizing how seriously ill she was, Kepler, with the husband's help, got the woman into the truck and rushed her down the mountain to a hospital in the village of Chulumani. There an American doctor operated immediately and saved her life.

It was no mere coincidence that the Indian woman, during her convalescence, decided to join the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. For Burton Kepler and the doctors and nurses at the hospital were Seventh-Day Adventists, sent to that remote area by their fellow worshippers in America—to find the sick and bring them back to health and into the church. Needless to say, the woman's grateful husband also joined the Adventists.

This is a good example of how the Seventh-Day Adventists, one of the world's most amazing religious groups, carry out their militant program of spreading the gospel. You find their emissaries—doctors and technicians and nurses, in addition to missionaries—all over the world.

Their methods must be effective, for, although the church is not yet a century old, it now has over 1,000,000 adult members in 183 nations. Though the Seventh-Day Adventists believe in the conservative "old-time religion" of the Holy Bible, they use the most modern methods to spread their belief.

World headquarters is a big modern office building in Washington, D. C., which hums like a beehive. Church workers and supervisors are always on the go, coming in from

By combining old-time religion with a modern approach to living, the amazing Seventh-Day Adventists have grown a million strong in 183 nations

the South Seas, going out to Africa or Asia. From every point of view, this is a church that has a lot to do and is in a hurry to get it done.

Who are these people who seem intent on saving the world overnight? To begin with, their definition is in their name. The "Seventh-Day" refers to the fact that they keep the original meaning of the Fourth Commandment: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God . . ." They do not work on Saturday—their Sabbath—and this is also the day on which they hold their church services.

The second part of the name, "Adventists," provides the key to the meaning and purpose of this church. The Seventh-Day Adventists, like all Christians, believe that Jesus Christ will return to earth. This is the Advent, or second coming.

However, the Adventists go further. They not only believe that the Advent is now near at hand; but they believe that they themselves can hasten its coming. They base this belief, in part, on Matthew 24:14, which reads: *"And this gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."*

The Adventists interpret this to mean that only after the gospel of Christianity has been told to everyone in the world will the second coming of Christ occur. But when Christ does come, the Adventists believe, there will be joy greater than that ever dreamed of by mortals. The righteous dead will arise and live with Christ for a thousand years (the Millenium). After that, the earth will be purified with fire, the unrepented banned, and it will become the home of the true followers of Christ for eternity.

The Adventists consider this eternal happiness well worth working for; and they back up their belief with hard work.

And with money, too. Most of the cost of the world-wide program is borne by the 300,000 members of the church in the United States and Canada. Adventists in North America contribute more to their church, on a per capita basis, than any other denomination—$183 per member a year. They scrupulously adhere to the practice of tithing, or giving ten per cent of every dollar they receive to the church.

The Seventh-Day Adventists believe in the Trinity; they hold that the Virgin Birth is one of the vital truths of the Christian faith, foretold in the Old Testament and confirmed in the New. They require all who enter the church to be baptised by immersion. They don't believe that a person has to obey the Ten Commandments in order to be saved; for them, Salvation is by grace alone. They oppose all religious legislation such as the "blue laws" and do not recognize divorce, except where adultery is involved.

The Adventists believe in life after death, yet hold that no one can have eternal life apart from Christ, and that immortality will not be conferred until the second coming of Christ. They also hold that the ancient belief that people go to heaven or hell immediately upon death is a pagan corruption of Christian theology.

THE ADVENTISTS also pay close heed to the Bible's admonition that the human body is "The Temple of God." They refuse to abuse that temple. They don't use alcohol or tobacco; tea or coffee. They frown on dancing, lipstick and make-up.

But don't get the idea that the Adventists are a stern and unsmiling people. They go in strong for recreation, maintaining hundreds of summer camps complete with all the traditional splashing and squealing, and running and rollicking.

To spread its beliefs, the church operates parochial schools all over the world, and hundreds of boarding schools—coeducational—on the secondary level. There are also 12 Adventist colleges in the U.S., continually turning out young men and women like Burton Kepler, the medical technician of the Andes, and his wife. There are hundreds of these people scattered over the world, equipped with a traveling clinic and given a territory to cover.

These medical missionaries make their rounds by plane and boat, as well as by truck. The church maintains two separate fleets of boats which serve as both hospitals and chapels.

Why this emphasis on medicine? One reason is that it's just plain good church policy.

"Think of us as salesmen, trying to introduce our product, the Holy Gospel, into your home," one Adventist said, in all seriousness. "What better way is there of doing it than to save your life?"

Although there are some 80 medical schools in the country, the comparatively small band of Adventists still maintain, at a total cost of over $500,000 a year, their own, the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California.

"It's worth every penny of it," says Dr. T. R. Flaiz, who heads the over-all medical program. "In our own school we combine spiritual teaching with the science of healing. Our graduates know not only *how* to heal, but *why.*"

To an outsider, one of the most impressive things about the Adventists is the bustling, earnest, business-like way they go about their mission. To them, however, using an efficient, hard-headed organization to bring about spiritual salvation is by no means paradoxical.

The basic unit of the Adventists'

organization is the local church, of which the administrative head is the elected lay elder. Each church sends its lay elder to the biennial meeting of the next higher unit, called the conference, which is roughly equivalent to a state. The conference sends delegates to the meetings, held every four years, of the next higher unit, the unions.

Every four years, delegates from the unions come together from all over the world. At this meeting are elected the officers of the General Conference, the ruling body of the church. The current president is Reuben R. Figuhr, a former Wisconsin farm boy.

The conferences assign the ministers—called elders—to the individual churches. To become an elder a person is required to have a degree in theology from one of the 12 Adventist colleges and must have studied at least one year—preferably three—at one of the church's seminaries. He must also serve a four-year internship, usually working with a minister, before he is qualified for a church of his own.

The elders are paid directly by the conference—around $69 a week regardless of the size of the church—and also receive living allowances. The elder performs all rites of the church including marriage and baptism; but he is not, as in the case of the Catholic priest, considered an intermediary between God and the individual church member.

Outside of its purely religious activities, the Seventh-Day Adventist Church owns many businesses. Its paying industries include whole-wheat processing plants in Australia, publishing houses all over the world, and a plant making simulated and meatless frankfurters out of vegetable products here at home.

Although the Adventists are officially classed as conscientious objectors, they nevertheless operate a military training program roughly equivalent to basic training in the armed services. Called the Medical Cadet Corps, this is not only voluntary, but cadets actually pay to serve. Imagine, if you will, a young man paying for the privilege of undergoing basic training! Yet 17,000 young men have done just exactly that. Many have gone on to become be-ribboned heroes.

Civil Defense authorities would undoubtedly be happier if other groups, conscientious objectors or not, were as adequately prepared for all eventualities as the Adventists. Just recently, 33 students of their Washington missionary college, suddenly, on a given signal announcing a simulated bombing, dropped what they were doing and fled 11 miles to a spot in the woods. There the group—ranging in age from six weeks to 60 years—lived for three days on a special Emergency Survival Food Kit. They learned a lot in the experience, and passed on what they learned to the authorities.

Along with the policy of keeping up to date, the Adventists quite naturally turned to television. Elder William A. Fagal and his pretty wife, Virginia, started their program five years ago on one New York station. Now "Faith for Today" is telecast from nearly 150 cities from the Philippines to Iceland. It draws 10,000 letters a week. For this Mr.

Fagal receives the typical Adventist salary—$69 a week.

The Adventists go back to the early 1840s when a former Army officer named William Miller, who had become a Baptist minister, was preaching that the end of the world would come in 1844. The Billy Graham of his day, Miller and hundreds of other Protestant ministers of repute preached of little else. But when that year had come and gone with no sign of the Saviour, Miller's movement, which had attracted hundreds of thousands of followers, died.

A few of Miller's followers began to wonder: if not 1844, then *when?* They re-examined the Bible, and concluded that although its teachings did not specify a particular year, still it did indicate that the Advent was near at hand. Further, in their searching for truth many of these people became convinced that the Lord's Day should be observed on the Sabbath, and on no other day.

This new movement continued to grow; and in 1863 it officially became the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. One of the great voices of the new group belonged to Ellen G. White, who, when still in her early 20s, began writing inspirational interpretations of the Seventh-Day Adventist doctrines.

From Mrs. White stems the Adventist interest in health. Her "Ministry of Healing" went into the subject of psychosomatic medicine long before that word was coined. Adventist leaders were seriously interested in hydrotherapy and diet long before the medical profession. Their famous sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, was founded by the Adventists 58 years ago in order to make full use of their medical theories.

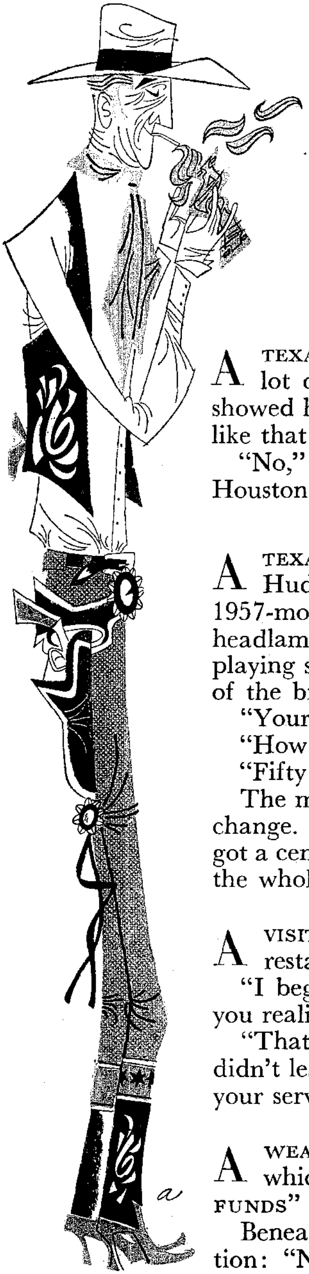
There, one of the members, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, originated the idea of dry breakfast cereals. Later, adopted commercially by his brother, W. K. Kellogg, the project led to the development of America's great breakfast-cereal industry.

The Adventists had only 7,000 members when, in 1874, they bravely sent out their first missionary. Now their numbers are growing rapidly; membership has doubled in the last 15 years.

Happily pursuing the divine belief that they can hasten the Second Coming of Christ, they will not rest until the last man in the world has been exposed to the Holy Gospel.

Sizing Up Our States

ANYONE who's ever been near Texas or a Texan knows the name of the largest state in the Union, but how many can name the next five biggest states? They are Arizona, California, Montana, Nevada and New Mexico. See if you can rank them in their proper order, then check your answer with the correct ranking on page 167. —*Hudson Newsletter*



TALL IN TEXAS

A TEXAN arrived in Niagara Falls in the evening and did a lot of bragging before he retired. Next morning they showed him the Falls and said, "You haven't seen anything like that in Texas, have you?"

"No," admitted the Texan. "But we've got a plumber in Houston who could stop that leak in ten minutes."

—MARGARET VINING

A TEXAS PLAYBOY visiting New York City was crossing the Hudson River via the George Washington Bridge in his 1957-model limousine replete with air-conditioning, jeweled headlamps, a bar, a television set, and a five-piece orchestra playing soft music from the rear seat. Reaching the far side of the bridge, he was waved to a stop by a bridge guard.

"Your toll fee, please," announced the attendant.

"How much?" asked the Texan.

"Fifty cents."

The man from Texas proceeded to search his pockets for change. Finding none he said. "Sorry, pardner, but I ain't got a cent of silver in my jeans. How much will you take for the whole bridge?"

—*T. & P. Topics*

A VISITING Texan tipped a waiter $100 in a Chicago restaurant.

"I beg your pardon, sir," gasped the startled man. "Do you realize how much you just gave me?"

"That's to teach you a lesson boy," growled the Texan. "I didn't leave my usual tip because I wasn't too satisfied with your service."

—*Quote*

A WEALTHY TEXAS OILMAN cashed a huge personal check which came back from the bank with "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS" stamped across the face.

Beneath the stamped words was the handwritten notation: "Not You. . . . Us."

—JOE T. MILLER

SPARE PARTS FOR HUMANS

Skin, bones, veins, even heart valves—a surgeon can now replace them all, like a mechanic repairing a car

by MARTIN L. GROSS

A WORRIED HEART specialist looked down at his patient, a young Midwestern housewife dangerously near death. Her aorta, the main blood vessel leading from the heart, had developed an aneurysm, a balloon-like bulge that threatened to burst at any moment. To live, she had to have a new aorta.

The surgeon left her bedside and wired Dr. George Hyatt at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland: "URGENTLY NEED REPLACEMENT AORTA 10 CENTIMETERS LONG. ADVISE AS TO AVAILABILITY. PLEASE RUSH."

Forty minutes later, Commander Hyatt opened an unobtrusive cabinet in the rear of his laboratory and, after searching through a row of ordinary pint-sized bottles with rubber stoppers, took one off the shelf. A shriveled grayish material lay inside.

Packed in a small cardboard box, the bottle was soon on its way, air mail, special delivery. The following morning, a postman delivered it, a sterile saline solution was injected through the rubber stopper, and the shriveled mass slowly became transformed into a five-inch artery, a healthy duplicate of the patient's diseased aorta.

A chest incision was made and a temporary plastic tube inserted to shunt the blood around the woman's heart artery. Her swollen aorta was cut off at both ends and the "new" replacement artery sewn into place. Minutes later, as the blood started to flow through the new part, it expanded and contracted in rhythm with the heart as if it had been born there. The patient left the hospital a few weeks later, completely recovered.

The young woman, like thousands of others, owes her life to perhaps the most dramatic of all modern medical miracles, the new science of replacement medicine.

Her replacement aorta came from an artery bank, just one of a cornucopia of life-saving human spare parts that now include preserved skin for burn victims; plastic heart valves, gullets and blood vessels; ingenious machines that do the work of the heart, lungs and kidneys; and the ultimate—human organs to replace those that have stopped functioning.

One of the nation's major centers of this intriguing new science is the Tissue Bank at Bethesda, the first of its kind, on the outskirts of the nation's capital. Here, under the direction of Admiral B. W. Hogan, Surgeon General of the Navy, and Commander Hyatt, a team of Navy experts has developed a clinical storehouse of human bones, blood vessels, skin, cartilage and many other tissues that have been used as replacement parts in 1,200 operations throughout America.

THE SECRET is freeze-dried human parts that can be vacuum-packed in bottles—like preserves—and kept at room temperature for years.

"We have had 7,000 tissue deposits in our bank," Commander Hyatt explains. "We have bottled skin two years old and some bones and arteries over four. An arbitrary limit of five years has been set for a piece of stored graft."

Freeze-drying is not an overly complex process. Parts taken from the recently deceased (with legal permission) are sterilized with antibiotics, then quick-frozen with a slush composed of dry ice and alcohol at -79° Centigrade. They are then put in a refrigerator-like mechanism in a near vacuum for 14 days at -46° Centigrade, which removes over 97 per cent of the original moisture.

The process forces the ice crystals in the tissue into water vapor and minimizes the chemical and mechanical destruction usually caused by thawing. With a unique hand vacuum-packer, the parts are stored in ordinary glass bottles.

The Tissue Bank's stored skin has revolutionized burn treatments. Not long ago, a young girl in Galveston, Texas, was critically burned in a gasoline fire and taken to the University of Texas Hospital. She was not expected to live, as third-degree burns covered almost 70 per cent of her body.

Her frantic father painfully donated strips of his skin (leaving permanent scars) but it just wasn't enough. Then an emergency call went out to the Tissue Bank for 1,000 square inches of skin. In all, 75 bottles of the precious tissue were air mailed from Bethesda.

The skin grafts were placed directly on the girl's charred body like a patchwork quilt. Within four weeks, the grafts—being foreign protein matter—had sloughed off. But not before they had kept the girl's precious body fluids and blood from escaping and had prepared a foundation for later permanent skin grafts.

Bones are stored in the Bank in the form of pegs, full bones, "matchsticks" used to connect separated bones, and ground bone called "burger" because of its obvious resemblance. Two-inch infant "long bones" make excellent replacements in rebuilding damaged adult hands.

One young man was in danger of becoming crippled because of a bone tumor that had eaten away the insides of his thigh bone. It couldn't support his weight and each painful step threatened to shatter the bone completely.

"Captain T. M. Foley, Chief of Orthopedics at Bethesda, decided to cut away the diseased bone and fill the hole with burger," Dr. Hyatt recalls. "It did the job and the man is walking again."

The Bank's pint-sized bottles contain miscellaneous tissues that perform a variety of medical miracles. In Manhattan recently, a little girl of four was diagnosed as suffering from a skull tumor caused by a diseased dura, the human tissue under the skull bone that encloses the contents of the head. She literally needed a new head-covering to prevent the tumor from recurring.

An emergency call to the Tissue Bank was answered with a shipment of freeze-dried dura, a tough tissue some 15/1000 of an inch thick. The child's skull was opened, the front half of the skull bone scraped clean, and the exposed brain re-covered.

"WE'RE NOT SURE," 35-year-old, lean, bespectacled Dr. Hyatt says, "but what we believe happens in the body is a type of creeping substitution—the host rebuilds its bones, arteries or tissue using the graft as an exact natural framework. The cells are dead, but it's bio-mechanical properties—like the artery graft that pulses—are still present.

"We believe that freeze-dried grafts in many ways are more acceptable to the body than fresh grafts from another person. Being "non-living," they minimize the irritation usually caused by one person's protein matter being put in another person's body."

Certain repair jobs call for specially designed artificial devices. Today, these include a variety of plastic replacement parts and fabulous machines that pinch-hit for the heart, lungs and kidneys. An artificial heart valve, in the form of a small plastic pea in a tube, for instance, was grafted into a woman's main artery where it is today doing its vital job of regulating the flow of blood.

Nylon and dacron have been fashioned into new arteries and veins. At St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, an 18-inch plastic tube—the longest blood vessel graft—was recently put into a 50-year-old man.

Doctors had found that the femoral artery in his thigh was hardened with deposits of fatty cholesterol. The blood wasn't reaching his foot, which eventually would result in gangrene and amputation.

Since a natural graft that long was not available, the doctors decided on dacron. The thigh was opened, the hardened artery cut out and successfully replaced with a dacron tube.

Researchers are continually finding new medical uses for versatile plastics. Dr. Edgar Berman at Baltimore's Sinai Hospital has put eight-inch plastic gullets into the throats of five patients whose diseased or cancerous gullets made it almost impossible for them to eat.

For years, doctors have dreamed of a reliable mechanical device to do the complex job of both the heart (which pumps the blood) and the lungs (which add oxygen to the blood) during surgery; and still not damage the blood itself. It would give surgeons what is known as a "dry field"—perhaps 30 to 60 minutes' time to work surgical miracles on the human heart with no blood in it.

Nobel Prize surgeon Alexis Carrel and others experimented with the dream but not until this year was there extensive success with humans. Perhaps the most significant work is being done at the University of Minnesota Medical School in Minneapolis by Dr. C. Walton Lillehei. With $10 worth of plastic tubes, plus a pump, he has developed a bubble-oxygenator mechanical heart-lung that has completely taken over the job of the organs in some 50 operations.

Today, too, there are some 70 artificial kidneys in use throughout America. Prior to 1947 when the first one was introduced at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, patients with kidney disorders often died of uremic poisoning—the body poisons were emptied into the blood instead of passing through the kidney and out the body. Today, such a patient is hooked into the artificial kidney for six to eight hours while his blood is literally washed.

For most of us, the permanent grafting of live tissue from one person to another is complicated by what scientists call the "homograft response." Each person's highly individual antibodies "protect" him from another person's protein matter by warding off intruders—including grafts. (Blood and the transparent window of the eye, the cornea, both of which are freely transplanted, are standard exceptions.)

If the homograft response could be licked, researchers reason, transplanted lungs, hearts, kidneys, livers and sex glands willed by donors could add as much as a generation to man's longevity and youth.

The partial key to this physiological puzzle may be at hand. The secret is the tissue of unborn children, which is still too young to develop highly individual antibodies.

At Yale University, pathologist Dr. Harry S. N. Greene transplanted a single adrenal gland from a human embryo into the muscle of the abdominal wall of a patient. The patient's own adrenals were not functioning and he was in danger of dying from Addison's disease.

The strange, historic graft took, and grew, and matured into an adult structure which secreted the missing hormones into the patient's blood system.

Dr. Greene's work has led to further miracles. An attractive 29-year-old Philadelphia waitress stayed alive by getting calcium injections four times a day at the Albert Einstein Medical Center. Her parathyroid glands had been removed ten years before, and without the injections she would suffer excruciating muscular spasms.

Dr. Julian Sterling decided to attempt a transplantation of a full organ. He removed the parathyroids from a three-week-old child who had just died and grafted them into the woman's thigh. The transplant quickly began functioning and secreting the precious hormones just as it had done in the child's throat. It was the first successful full organ transplantation in history.

Substantial evidence indicates the same may be done with skin, with embryonic pituitary and adrenal glands, and even the testes and ovaries. This could one day mean sex rejuvenation for men and delayed menopause for women.

Perhaps the most amazing miracle of all is being prepared at the National Institute of Health across the street from the Tissue Bank. Using the technique of tissue-culture, Dr. Wilton R. Earle and Dr. Virginia Evans are conducting an awe-inspiring research project in the mass-production of human cells—liver, thyroid and skin—that seems like science fiction. Minute amounts of human cells are fed on a rich nutrient medium and soon multiply in large vats where, independent of the human body, they carry on the complex job of creating human hormones and extracts.

An actual human skin garden is now being set up at Duke University in North Carolina. Experiments thus far have been with animals, but the hope is eventually to take a small section of a burn victim's own skin and grow it in tissue culture to ten times its size so that it can be used as a permanent graft for the burned portions of the body.

Replacement medicine is an infant but virile field. Wonders that defy imagination have been accomplished in the last few years. And, thanks to our medical pioneers, hospitals throughout America are now fitting spare parts into worn bodies and starting life up anew just as nature seemed ready to break down.

Close Calls

THE LATE Charlie Moran, as a National League umpire, regarded his decisions highly. He made it clear he was boss. In one close play, runner and catcher waited for Moran's decision. The ump hesitated, and the catcher cried, "Well, is it safe or is it out?"

Moran looked down upon him and snarled, "Till I call it, it ain't *nuthin'*."

—Nashua Cavalier

AFTER they had been engaged for several months they had a violent quarrel. Each was too proud to make the first move toward reconciliation.

One evening he had to call on her father on a business matter. When he rang the bell she opened the door. "Miss Blank?" he asked coldly.

"Yes."

"May I see your father?"

"I'm sorry, but he isn't in," she replied with equal coldness. "Do you want to see him personally?"

"Yes," he said, "on important business. Thank you."

As he went down the front steps she called, "Just a moment."

Feeling sure she was yielding, he paused. "Yes?"

"When he returns," she said, "who shall I say called?"

—FRANCES RODMAN

NO PLACE TO HIDE

by Ben Merson

Rare is the vanishing husband or wife, the truant, screwball or amnesiac who can long elude the cunning N.Y. Missing Persons Bureau

The psychiatrist looked like he needed one. He was the picture of frustration as he sat in his office in one of New York's largest hospitals and confessed his failure to a detective from the Missing Persons Bureau. He'd tried everything—hypnotism, even truth serum—but the attractive green-eyed young woman who'd been brought to him after she was found wandering dazedly in Times Square could remember nothing about herself.

"Her mind is a complete blank," said the psychiatrist morosely. "It seems . . ."

"Kind of phony to me," shrugged the detective. "And I have an idea I can prove it."

A few moments later, striding into the hospital's hydrotherapy room, he glared down at the young woman lolling in a tub of tepid water with only her head visible above the canvas sheet that swathed her.

"Lady," he said coldly. "I'm giving you exactly three seconds to regain your memory. Otherwise . . ." he leaned a heavy hand on her blonde hair-do ". . . I'm shoving your head down under the water with the rest of you. Now talk!"

The bluff worked and she talked, confirming what the detective suspected all along. She wasn't suffering from amnesia but from ambitions to be a nightclub singer. And the amnesia was merely a publicity stunt to get her picture into the newspapers.

Such ingenuity is typical of the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department, whose day-by-day exploits rival those of Scotland Yard and the Sûreté Nationale of France.

Headed by Captain John J. Cronin, a deceptively frail-looking dynamo of a man, the Bureau is confronted with an average of over 25,000 local cases a year. They include not only accident victims, lost children, aged wanderers and the unidentified dead, but the inevitable 10,000 New Yorkers who seem to vanish into nowhere; plus at least 50,000 alarms from all over the U. S. and Canada.

Though the Bureau has only 52 men and women detectives, by the end of each year they invariably have solved 99.2 per cent of their cases—and a few months later have cleared up most of the remaining fraction. All of which proves that it's practically impossible to disappear for long. But people never stop trying.

"THEY WANT to escape from an unpleasant reality," explains Captain Cronin, who is as much a psychologist, sociologist and Dorothy Dix as he is a scientific police officer. "Among adults, domestic friction sparks most of the runaways."

For instance, a middle-aged Kansas City schoolteacher suddenly found herself minus her husband a month after they'd moved to New York. The husband, a husky bricklayer ten years her junior, had gone off to work one morning and failed to return.

The wife's grief was genuine. She shook her head sadly, but firmly, when Captain Cronin suggested that she and her spouse might have had a spat. "We never quarreled," she said. "William always did everything I asked him. And I remember I asked him to come home early that evening. So I'm sure, Captain, that William has met with foul play."

The Captain was pretty sure he hadn't. So, dispensing with usual police routine, he got in touch with the bricklayers' union and asked them to find Wandering William. They found him the next day working on a skyscraper in Chicago.

Reached by phone, he told Captain Cronin, "You bet I ran away. Because if I spent another day with Emma I'd be chasing myself with a butterfly net. She's a nice dame. But ever since I married her last year, she's been trying to make me over. Nothing suited her—the way I dressed, the way I talked, the way I ate. I got dizzy trying to please her."

"Why didn't you explain that to her?" inquired the Captain.

"Because," confessed William, "she reminded me of my mother, and I couldn't hurt her feelings."

Nagging, spendthrift wives and stingy, bored husbands account for most of the domestic runaways (the majority of whom return of their own volition). Next in order are the husbands and wives who vanish for "one last fling," and those who disappear to teach their marriage partners "a lesson."

Occasionally, the lesson boomerangs. As it did when one husband, on being told by Missing Persons that his wife had eloped to Florida with her butcher, promptly wired her $1,000 plus this note: "Thanks, Baby. Keep right on going."

There seemed to be no romantic implications, however, when a tall, handsome woman in her 50s came to the Bureau a few months ago to report her husband's disappearance. They'd been married for 30 years and had two grown sons. "And this is the first time we've ever been apart," the woman sobbed softly.

Her husband had vanished without taking so much as a toothbrush, leaving a mansion on Long Island, a joint bank account of over $200,000 and a position as president of a high-powered advertising agency.

The Bureau launched a full-scale search. Detectives examined arrest and hospital records; checked hotels, flophouses, the morgue. They talked to the missing man's friends and acquaintances, broadcast his description over the radio and police Teletype, and sent circulars bearing his picture to police all over the nation.

When several weeks went by without a clue, the detective in charge summoned the woman for another interview. He listened quietly as she repeated her story. Then, looking her straight in the eye, he suddenly demanded, "Tell me, madame, is this just talk . . . or do you really love your husband?"

There was no mistaking the honest fervor of her reply. "I adore him," she said.

"Maybe that's the trouble," smiled the detective. "I have a hunch about where to find your husband."

It was more than a hunch. It was that compound of intuition, logic and applied psychology for which Missing Persons is so justly famous. And it led the detective to the strange conclusion that the husband was right in New York—residing in a Turkish bath.

That's where the detective found him two days later, pink, relaxed and quite objective about his troubles. He had been happily enjoying middle age, he explained, until his wife suddenly developed a violent amorous streak. Her ardor was more than he could appreciate. So he fled from it all—to the most masculine environment he could think of. Which is what the detective had unerringly deduced.

The bulk of missing persons are young people under 21, according to Captain Cronin, and May and September are the peak months for juvenile runaways: May because the prospect of remaining in school another month affects itching heels like poison ivy; and September because the prospect of returning to school is as dreary as the falling leaves.

But truancy is an innocuous virus. Most of its victims soon return.

More serious—and hence harder to find—are the youngsters who walk out on greedy parents who insist on taking all of their children's earnings; or parents whose indifference, insistence on blind obedience, or constant squabbling and nagging make home life an agony.

"When we catch up with these kids," says Captain Cronin, "we usually find they're leading perfectly respectable lives, and they're miserable at the thought of going home. They're not fugitives. They're refugees from an impossible environment."

Sometimes appearances are deceptive. For example, there was the case of the well-groomed couple who reported their 15-year-old daughter had vanished on her way to school. The father seemed overwhelmed with grief, while his wife's condition verged on the hysterical. She insisted their daughter must have been kidnapped. For there was no reason for her to have left voluntarily. She had been receiving good grades in school. She was popular. And she had no boy-friend troubles.

The Bureau launched an immediate search. But, when no clues turned up, the mother's grief became mixed with scorn. Why didn't the detectives do something?

This went on until an officer, sent to the apartment to pick up a picture of the missing girl, happened to meet the postman at the door, and had a flash of inspiration. "Have they been getting much out-of-town mail in this apartment?" he inquired.

"One of these—most every day," said the letter carrier, holding up an air-mail special delivery.

It was in the daughter's handwriting, and postmarked Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Confronted with the letter, the mother confessed. She and her husband had been living beyond their means, and losing heavily at the race track. So, to recoup, they planned to turn their apartment into an exclusive gambling joint. But their daughter was in the way.

They got rid of her by finding her a job as a waitress in a Hot Springs hotel—and then reported her missing, "to get the truant officer out of our hair."

While children may run away again and again, grownups rarely try it more than once because they have a greater capacity for self-delusion. They usually feel that one escapade is enough to prove their masculinity, femininity, or whatever it was they have set out to establish.

But when they do run away, adults are invariably tougher to find than children. They're more experienced and more resourceful. And some of them have a surprising knowledge of police techniques.

"So you can imagine what we were up against," says Captain Cronin, "when, of all people, a career policeman decided to try a disappearing act."

The officer, a handsome former college athlete of 35, casually kissed his wife and three small children goodnight and strolled out, ostensibly to go to work. Instead, he kept on going.

That started a chase that had his brother officers running around in circles. None of the routine procedures turned up the vestige of a clue. Neither did an intensive investigation of his conduct as a cop. He had an unblemished record.

Cronin could find no motive. But neither, as the months went by, could he find the policeman.

It was very exasperating. For as the mystery deepened, so did official clamor for a solution, with everybody joining in from the mayor down to the Welfare Department, which had been forced to place the policeman's destitute family on the relief rolls.

"None of our tricks worked," Captain Cronin recalls wryly. "They couldn't. The man we were hunting knew them all."

The climax came when a detective, for lack of anything better to do, decided to interview the missing officer's family for the tenth time. He arrived just as they were packing up to move to a cheap cold-water flat. And what he saw almost made him swallow his cigar.

Tying up the bundles of bedding and other belongings was the vanished policeman's nine-year-old son —not as a child would tie them, but with sheepshanks, clove-hitches and running bowlines that would tax the dexterity of a skilled seaman.

"Where'd you learn those knots?" inquired the officer.

"My Pop taught me," said the boy proudly.

That did it. They found the missing policeman two weeks later—working as assistant purser on a Pacific cruise ship. In addition to the job, he had acquired an alias, a mustache and a bigamous wife.

"He'd outwitted us so long," says the Captain, "because he knew that we generally rely on a man's background to give us our principal clues. And in his Civil Service application he had not mentioned that he'd been a seaman in his youth; he had never even told his wife."

What he did tell her, after he'd finished serving a bigamy sentence, was that he'd been the victim of "amnesia," and that he couldn't remember a thing except that he loved only her.

"Being like a lot of other women who report their husbands missing, she chose to believe him and took him back," recounts Captain Cronin.

None of which astonishes the Captain. To him and his men it's all routine.

"If it weren't," he says, "we wouldn't be cops; we'd be writers, and capitalize on our naïveté. As it is, we just make a prosaic business of finding missing persons. And, until humanity changes, it'll be business as usual."

Aptly Advised

THE New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission squelched some ugly rumors with this press release: "There is no connection between New Hampshire's reputation as an outstanding ski state and the fact that we make 75 per cent of all wooden crutches."

—*The Laborer*

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A RIBBON FOR BALDY

by JESSE STUART

He was so poor he had to wear his mother's old shoes and eat hogfat . . . What mighty thing could this boy do to give him the stature of a man?

Jesse Stuart, a Kentucky-born poet and short story writer, emerged as one of the nation's leading humorists with his novel, "Taps for Private Tussie."

THE DAY Professor Herbert started talking about a project for each member of our General Science class, I was more excited than I had ever been. I wanted to have an outstanding project. I wanted it to be greater, to be more unusual than those of my classmates. I wanted to do something worthwhile, and something to make them respect me.

I'd made the best grade in my class in General Science. I'd made more yardage, more tackles and carried the football across the goal line more times than any player on my team. But making good grades and playing rugged football hadn't made them forget that I rode a mule to school, that I had worn my mother's shoes the first year and that I slipped away at the noon hour so no one would see me eat fat pork between slices of corn bread.

Every day I thought about my project for the General Science class. We had to have our project by the end of the school year and it was now January.

In the classroom, in study hall and when I did odd jobs on my father's 50 acres, I thought about my project. But it wouldn't come to me like an algebra problem or memorizing a poem. I couldn't think of a project that would help my father and mother to support us. One that would be good and useful.

"If you set your mind on something and keep on thinking about it, the idea will eventually come," Professor Herbert told us when Bascom Wythe complained about how hard it was to find a project.

One morning in February I left home in a white cloud that had settled over the deep valleys. I could not see an object ten feet in front of me in this mist. I crossed the pasture into the orchard and the mist began to thin. When I reached the ridge road, the light thin air was clear of mist. I looked over the sea of rolling white clouds. The tops of the dark winter hills jutted up like little islands.

I have to ride a mule, but not one of my classmates lives in a prettier place, I thought, as I surveyed my world. Look at Little Baldy! What a pretty island in the sea of clouds. A thin ribbon of cloud seemed to envelop cone-shaped Little Baldy from bottom to top like the new rope Pa had just bought for the windlass over our well.

Then, like a flash—the idea for my project came to me. And what an idea it was! I'd not tell anybody about it! I wouldn't even tell my father, but I knew he'd be for it. Little Baldy wrapped in the white coils of mist had given me the idea for it.

I was so happy I didn't care who laughed at me, what anyone said or who watched me eat fat meat on corn bread for my lunch. I had an idea and I knew it was a wonderful one.

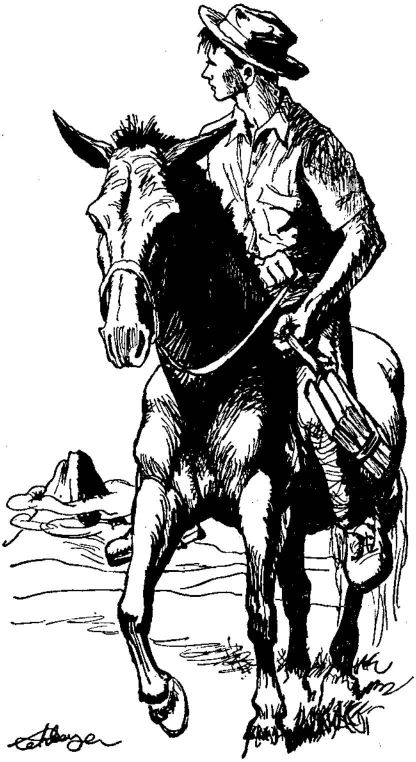
"I've got something to talk over with you," I told Pa when I got home. "Look over there at that broom-sedge and the scattered pines on Little Baldy. I'd like to burn the broom-sedge and briers and cut the pines and farm that this summer."

We stood in our barnlot and looked at Little Baldy.

"Yes, I've been thinkin' about clearin' that hill up someday," Pa said.

"Pa, I'll clear up all this south side and you clear up the other side," I said. "And I'll plow all of it and we'll get it in corn this year."

"Now this will be some undertakin'," he said. "I can't clear that land up and work six days a week on the railroad section. But if you will clear up the south side, I'll hire



Bob Lavender to do the other side."

"That's a bargain," I said.

That night while the wind was still and the broom-sedge and leaves were dry, my father and I set fire all the way around the base. Next morning Little Baldy was a dark hill jutting high into February's cold, windy sky.

Pa hired Bob Lavender to clear one portion and I started working on the other. I worked early of mornings before I went to school. I hurried home and worked into the night.

Finn, my ten-year-old brother, was big enough to help me saw down the scattered pines with a crosscut. With a handspike I started the logs rolling and they rolled to the base of Little Baldy.

By middle March, I had my side cleared. Bob Lavender had finished his too. We burned the brush and I was ready to start plowing.

By April 15th I had plowed all of Little Baldy. My grades in school had fallen off some. Bascom Wythe made the highest mark in General Science and he had always wanted to pass me in this subject. But I let him make the grades.

If my father had known what I was up to, he might not have let me do it. But he was going early to work on the railway section and he never got home until nearly dark. So when I laid Little Baldy off to plant him in corn, I started at the bottom and went around and around this high cone-shaped hill like a corkscrew. I was three days reaching the top. Then, with a hand planter, I planted the corn on moonlit nights.

When I showed my father what I'd done, he looked strangely at me. Then he said, "What made you do a thing like this? What's behind all of this?"

"I'm going to have the longest corn row in the world," I said. "How long do you think it is, Pa?"

"That row is over 20 miles," Pa said, laughing.

Finn and I measured the corn row with a rod pole and it was 23.5 miles long.

When it came time to report on our projects and I stood up in class and said I had a row of corn on our hill farm 23.5 miles long, everybody laughed. But when I told how I got the idea and how I had worked to accomplish my project, everybody was silent.

Professor Herbert and the General Science class hiked to my home on a Saturday in early May when the young corn was pretty and green in the long row. Two newspapermen from a neighboring town came too, and a photographer took pictures of Little Baldy and his ribbon of corn. He took pictures of me, of my home and parents and also of Professor Herbert and my classmates.

When the article and pictures were published, a few of my classmates got a little jealous of me but not one of them ever laughed at me again. And my father and mother were the proudest two parents any son could ever hope to have.

ONE OF THE NICE THINGS about Old Mother Nature is the *manner in which she blushes before disrobing.* —WES LAWRENCE

A CRAZE CALLED ELVIS

by Carlton Brown

The lanky, loose-jointed, sullenly handsome youth with wavy hair and sideburns stepped to the front of a TV stage and stood there tensely for a moment. Then he stomped off the beat for the three-piece rhythm band behind him, slashed a hand down across the strings of his guitar, and exploded into violent sound and action. By listening closely, the audience could catch such words and phrases as:

"Well, I got a woman, 'way
across town,
She's-uh good-uh to me-he,
Oh-uh-ho, yeah!"

The irregular stress on syllables gave the song an urgent jerkiness that the singer's actions carried out visually. His legs spread in a straddling stance, he whacked his feet down left and right with body-shaking jolts that made him look like a cowboy riding a bronco with a rock-and-roll buck. To spur him on, his trio cut loose on drums, bass and electric guitar with the fire of

A guitar-thumping,
dervish who also
sells millions of
which drive teen-a

a street-corner skiffle band out to break the speed record on the washboard, jugs and kazoos.

Though the elements of the performance were old, the combination is the newest, hottest thing in show business; and it has enabled a 21-year-old singer named Elvis Presley to whip up the biggest storm in popular music circles since the heyday of Johnnie Ray and, before him, Frank Sinatra.

TWO YEARS AGO, after finishing high school in Memphis, Tennessee, Elvis was driving a delivery truck for an electrical company and hoping to work up to apprentice electrician. Last year, Presley fell into the music business and came up with $55,000. This year, he'll earn around $1,000,000 from records, personal appearances and radio-TV guestings.

Just three months after he was signed by RCA Victor in December of 1955, Presley's disks accounted for more than half of the firm's enormous pop-record output. His "Heartbreak Hotel" went over the million mark in nine weeks. By May, seven of Victor's 15 best-selling pop singles were Presley couplings (previously, no Victor artist has ever had more than three among the top 25). His 12-tune LP album had sold more than 500,000 copies—almost triple the total of Victor's previous all-time best-selling albums—within ten weeks.

Television guest spots—including six on "Stage Show" last winter, and two with Milton Berle in April and June of this year—helped to keep Presley disks rolling at a record-breaking rate. But the craze reached its highest peaks of mass wackiness in theaters and auditoriums in the South and Southwest, where Elvis had begun smashing attendance records a year before.

On a tour this April, he attracted overflow crowds of 5,000 to each of two performances in the San Diego Arena. A mob of teen-agers kept up a deafening roar throughout the act and at one point started a rush for the stage that police and a Navy shore-patrol detachment could not stop. Elvis could and did, however—simply by drawling calmly, "Sit down or the show ends."

In Amarillo, Texas, the kids broke through a plate-glass door to get to "the pretty blue-eyed dream," as one of the girls called Elvis. "I got a big gash in my leg," she said, "but who cares if it left a scar. I got it trying to see Elvis and I'm proud of it. I guess 'memories are made of this'!"

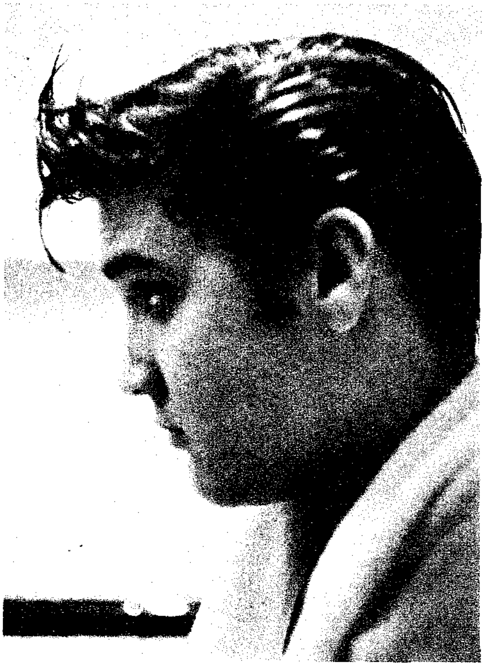
Such demonstrations have naturally elevated Elvis to a high rank in the roster of youthful enthusiasms which adults are inclined to view with alarm. Elvis' appeal to teen-agers—mostly girls—has been explained by referring to the "body English" with which he accompanies his singing. Some critics accuse him of being deliberately erotic (one called him a "male burlesque queen"); and Elvis himself doesn't deny the accusation. But, as he describes his gyrations, "Ah cain't he'p it. It's the way ah fee-ul!"

As for his demonstrative admirers, Elvis says of them, "They're okay. They're just havin' fun, just havin' a ball. I meet 'em by the hundreds, and they're just as nice as they can be. I just wish there was some way you could get around to every one of 'em and really show that you appreciate their likin' you."

The amazing Presley saga began in Tupelo, Mississippi, where Elvis was born on January 8, 1935, with an identical twin who did not survive. Elvis Aaron is the only child of Gladys and Vernon Elvis Presley. His ancestry is predominantly Irish. His father, a handsome, mild-mannered man, was a factory worker until Elvis induced him to retire last year at the age of 39. His mother is a friendly, unpretentious woman whose simplicity is balanced with a good measure of native shrewdness.

Elvis first sang in the choir of a small church in Tupelo when he was about four. " 'Course I wasn't always on the tewn," he says, "but you could hear me above all the rest." Publicity stories have made out that his childhood was filled with arduous self-instruction, burning ambition for stardom, and performances at neighborhood gatherings, but Elvis modestly disclaims these credits: "The only time I ever sang in public was maybe in a little variety show at school."

At home, he learned spirituals, hillbilly tunes and Negro blues songs by listening to them on the phonograph, and taught himself to strum chords on a guitar that his father gave him for his twelfth birthday. He has never learned to read music, and has developed so little finesse on the guitar that he often breaks one or two of its strings during a single performance.



The sullenly handsome Elvis is rated a good bet for future movie stardom.

One Saturday, when he was working for the electric company, Elvis dropped in at a studio that advertised its recording services to amateurs. "I asked them could they make me a little record," he says. "It was just somethin' I wanted to do as a surprise for my mother. I sang 'My Happiness,' one of the Ink Spots' numbers, and I played my little $20 guitar that sounded like somebody beatin' on a bucket lid or somethin'."

The studio, as it happened, was a do-it-yourself department of the Sun Record Co., a concern specializing in hillbilly music. Sun's presi-

> ***"I keep wonderin' will this last? And my heart gets to beatin' so fast, I can't sleep."***

dent, Sam Phillips, heard Elvis' impromptu performance and, a few months later, called him to make a recording and sign a contract.

Even then, Elvis remained unimpressed by his talents and prospects as a singer. "When my first record came out I was a little leery of it," he recalled recently. "I thought everybody would laugh." On the night when Memphis disk-jockey Dewey Phillips was to introduce the coupling—"That's All Right, Mama" and "Blue Moon, Kentucky"—Elvis hid himself in a movie house to avoid being kidded by his friends. During Phillips' three-hour program, the two sides were replayed seven times each, in response to 47 phone calls and 17 telegrams. In the following week, Memphis stores alone sold 7,000 copies of the disk.

His next four records for Sun soared straight to the top of the hillbilly hit parade. Booked for personal appearances by Colonel Tom Parker, a top impresario in the country-music field, Presley packed auditoriums, ballparks, fairgrounds and warehouses from Virginia to California. Weekly stints on the popular "Louisiana Hayride" show over station KWKH, Shreveport, helped swell his audience.

These and similar rumbles were picked up by the seismographic ear of Steve Sholes, veteran recruiter of hillbilly and rhythm-and-blues talent for Victor. Sholes induced his firm to buy the boy wonder's contract and master disks from Sun for $35,000, plus a $5,000 bonus to Elvis—who promptly went out and bought the first of his current fleet of four Cadillacs.

From royalties of around 4½ cents on each 89-cent disk, and a proportionate percentage on his $3.98 LPs, Elvis will earn close to $400,000 in 1956. Booked solidly all year for personal appearances, he has earned as much as $25,000 a week, and the demand shows no signs of letting up.

ONE OF THE by-products of the Presley success story has been his growing reputation as a flashy dresser. Though he says that for everyday wear he favors "real conservative clothes," they are subdued only in comparison to his stage outfits. For one appearance, he turned up in a black tuxedo jacket, a many-splendored cowboy shirt and cherry-pink slacks. His wardrobe, consisting of more than 20 each of suits, sports jackets, slacks and pairs of shoes, fluctuates constantly; to replace the depredations of his fans, and just on impulse, he buys new bits of finery almost daily.

In the past year, his weight has gone from 153 to 184 pounds, on a diet largely made up of pork chops, country ham, creamed potatoes and gelatine desserts. He doesn't smoke or drink.

In his work, Elvis has shown fantastic stamina, often doing two or three—and up to five—shows a day, and then hitting the road for the next booking. Except for long hops by train or plane, he travels in his Cadillac limousine with his accompanists, who call him "Chief."

He's seldom had more than a day or two at a time at home, where he keeps his other three Caddies—a canary-yellow, a pink-and-black convertible and an all-white Eldorado—his motorcycle, and a three-wheeled Messerschmidt.

Devoted to his parents, Elvis has bought them a seven-room ranch house in Memphis and new furniture to fill it. As for establishing a home and family of his own, Elvis apparently is in no hurry to give up his happy bachelorhood. Back in Tupelo, he went steady for about a year and a half with a girl, but as Elvis puts it, "I broke up with her when I started singing. I was away so much."

Elaborating on the subject of girls, he adds, "I haven't got a dream girl of any kind in mind. But I know one thing for sure. I don't want anybody who is more or less of a snob or a put-on. I like girls to be themselves."

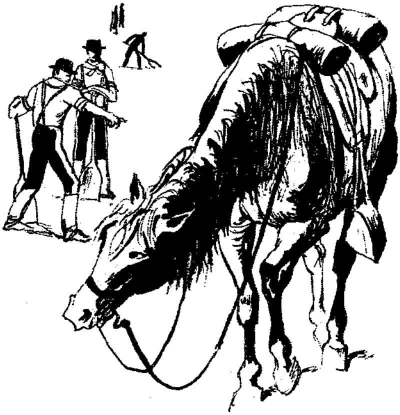
In this past frantic year, Elvis has seldom had more than three or four hours' sleep a night. "I lie there thinkin': Will this last? My heart gets to beatin' and I can't sleep," he says. And from the looks of things, Elvis Presley's life seems destined to get busier and busier. In England, the release of "Heartbreak Hotel" this May stirred up such a clamor that British agents have begun negotiations for a Presley stand at the London Palladium in 1957. Also, he was recently awarded a seven-year contract with Paramount producer Hal Wallis. "I'd like to learn to act in the movies," Elvis says, "and I think I can do it. I think if you really try and set your head to it, you can do just about anything you want to do."

Elvis Presley has come a long way from Tupelo, Mississippi; and, presumably, he will keep right on moving. But no matter how far he goes, it seems apparent that it will require an even bigger dose of success to take all the small-town boy out of him. Recently, for example, Elvis and company stopped off to give a show in Denver. Next morning, the group went to the airport together; but when their flight was called, Elvis was nowhere to be seen. After a frantic search, his manager, Colonel Parker, finally located today's hottest show business property. Completely at ease, Elvis was out back pitching pennies with a taxi driver.

Fins, Feathers and Fur

(Answers to quiz on page 59)

Fish: 1. Pike 2. Herring 3. Crab 4. Smelt 5. Shark 6. Clam 7. Perch 8. Carp. *Feathers:* 1. Swallow 2. Turkey 3. Snipe 4. Crane 5. Quail 6. Hawk 7. Cock 8. Pigeon. *Fur:* 1. Wolf 2. Bear 3. Horse 4. Cow 5. Bull 6. Fox 7. Buck 8. Lion.



by Bud Greenspan

All was quiet except for an occasional rattle of equipment and the sporadic noises of the prairie as the 7th Cavalry's bugler began the haunting notes of "Taps." It was July 27, 1876, less than 48 hours after Colonel George A. Custer's command had been massacred on the Little Big Horn.

The burial detail was just completing its tragic duty when a young lieutenant rode in from a scouting mission leading a blood-spattered horse more dead than alive.

"He's one of Custer's," the lieutenant announced. "I found him out there. Name's Comanche."

Others recognized the horse, a claybank gelding belonging to Captain Myles Keogh whose body had lain a few yards from Custer's. As they watched, Comanche staggered and fell heavily.

The regimental doctor hurried over to the stricken animal and a quick examination revealed that he was bleeding profusely from seven gunshot wounds. An officer drew his pistol but the doctor shook his head, working feverishly to stop the bleeding.

It was decided to do everything humanly possible to save Comanche's life and the gallant horse was nursed as though he were a wounded trooper. Under this devoted care, he began slowly to recover.

Comanche's fame grew until he became the living symbol of the most dramatic and courageous last-ditch fight ever to take place. And on April 10, 1878, he received an honor unprecedented in U. S. history. General Orders No. 7, issued with the approval of the President, stated regarding "the horse known as Comanche": ". . . his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of special pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the 7th Cavalry to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very silence speaks in terms more eloquent than words. . . ."

Comanche lived to be 31, when his body was mounted and presented to the University of Kansas. And there he stands today—the lone survivor of Custer's last stand.

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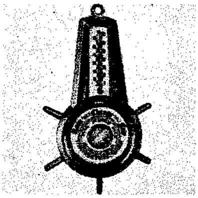

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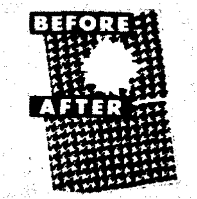

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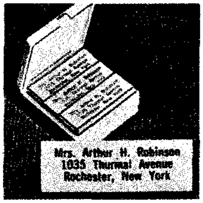
Stars - Planets - Constellations—the greatest show off earth. With one eye to the Star Finder & one eye to the sky optical illusion "projects" battery illuminated charts on the heavens to name stars, locate planets, identify constellations. Complete sky coverage with 30 charts for study & enjoyment. Only $1.98 ppd. Guar. Tri G Co., 2717 Main St., Santa Monica, Cal.

1000 PERSONALIZED LABELS $1

Your name and address (choice of 3 lines) on 1000 fine quality gummed labels, with plastic box, only $1 postpaid. Any six orders for $5. This is a Special Offer. Use on stationery, checks, books, greeting cards, records, etc. Ideal gifts—thoughtful, personal, pleasing. Satisfaction guar. Handy Labels, 987 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, Calif.



A LAUGH

AN ADMIRAL watched a cruiser make a sloppy job of tying up to her berth. The cruiser's captain, dreading the message he knew would come, was relieved if not puzzled when it was delivered. It consisted of one word: "Good."

A few minutes later he received a supplement reading: "To the previous message please add the word 'God'."
—*A.M.A. Journal*

NEWS ITEM in an Iowa paper: "Local police are puzzled over the finding of a car parked in a lonely neighborhood containing a full case of Scotch whiskey. So far they have found no trace of the owner, but the Chief of Police is working hard on the case."
—*A.M.A. Journal*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS has received this letter:

"Dear Sirs:

"Will you please send me the Library of Congress?

"Thank you,
(Signed) . . . .

"I enclose $0.25."
—*Associated Press*

IN A NEW YORK business office recently, employees were asked to fill out a complicated form in connection with a job-evaluation program. Among other things, each was to list, in the order of relative importance, personal qualities required in their jobs.

The tabulating room was temporarily inactive after reading the

A LINE

word "Consciousness" at the head of a list of personal requirements for the job of typist. —A. A. SCHILLING, *Quote*

A TAILOR WHO HAD RENTED a new shop in a fashionable section of Chicago took a friend to see it. As they approached it they passed a tailor's shop with this sign over the door: HERE IS THE BEST TAILOR IN CHICAGO. Then they came to one with this printed on his window: THE BEST TAILOR IN THE WORLD.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the friend.

"This," said the tailor, and produced a card reading: THE BEST TAILOR ON THIS STREET.

—FRANCES RODMAN

WHEN THE LATE FRANK ALLEN was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, he visited Calvin Coolidge at the White House and said to the President:

"When you were Lieutenant-Governor, I noticed that you always finished your day's work at exactly five o'clock. I have about the same amount of work, but I never get through until nine. Why is it that you finished at five and I cannot?"

Coolidge explained: "You talk back." —THOMAS DRIER in *The Wright Line*

COMPOSER Johannes Brahms once startled friends with the announcement that he was going to stop composing music in order to quietly enjoy his old age.

Some time later, a friend heard a new masterpiece of his and told the

SHIRT AND BLOUSE BOOKLET

Will hold 4 individual Blouses, Sweaters, etc. neat and clean. Made of heavy scuff-resistant Polyethylene 18" x 12". Full angle zipper across for airtight storage. Better stock up at this low price. Money Back Guarantee. Send for Free Catalog. Order No. G260. Only $1.00 ppd. 3 for $2.85. Downs & Co., Department 7479A, Evanston, Illinois.

NEW SPRAY GUN FOR HOME USE

New all-metal Century Super Jet spray gun designed for all home spraying. Patented pump eliminates expensive air compressors, heavy motors. Spray paint, enamel, lacquer, oil, varnish, shellac, deodorant, insecticide, fertilizer. U.L. approved outfit only $29.95; $1 a week. Free tool offer literature. Power Products, Dept. 9-CO, 175 E. 87th, N.Y. 28.

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Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions, in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Exec. Housekeeper, Mgr., etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper, and my position is well paid." Write for Free Book. Approved for All Vet. Training. 40th Anniversary yr. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. BO-3201, Wash. 7, D. C.

$16 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES

Send $1 for a Lincoln cent album (to hold your pennies). Fill the spaces with dates shown in album, return complete and receive $16 by return air mail plus $1 back for album (total $17). Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to: Bybymail, Box 488, Dept. D-38, Hempstead, N. Y.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY RESTORE

natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Drs. recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, N. Y.

(*Continued on next page*)

FAMOUS PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

Free sample before you buy—send negative and 6c stamp—returned with deluxe card and style booklet. Trial order 25 for $1.00 plus 35c shipping limited to 25 cards a customer. Personalized from your favorite negative. (New neg. 50c). Most individual and cherished greeting. Satisfaction guar. Economy Photo Service, Dept. CO-9, GPO Box 1101, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Season's Greetings

NEW FUR CAPE FOR $22.95 . . .

made from your old fur coat. Let Morton's Fur Wizards remodel your out-of-style old fur into latest style cape, stole or jacket. Only $22.95 complete. Includes: New Lining, Monogram, Glazing, Cleaning. Free! Write immediately for new 12 page *Photo Book* of widest style selections. Send your name and address to Morton's, Dept. 150-W, Washington 4, D. C.

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Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L925, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

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When your hair is not at its best, pin on the pony tail or a chignon $7.50 ppd. Guaranteed to match your sample color. Round or Figure 8 chignon $7.50. Fifteen style 22" Braid $9.95. Light blonde auburn or mixed grey $3.25 extra. Send check or M.O., no C.O.Ds. Fashion Hair Products, Dept. T-9, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

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SHORTHAND
IN
4 DAYS
ABREVIATRIX

composer: "I thought you weren't going to write any more music."

"I wasn't," replied Brahms, "but after a few days' leisure I was so happy at the thought of not writing that the music came to me without effort!" —*United Mine Workers Journal*

AT A monthly meeting of the board of deacons of a small rural church there was talk of giving the pastor a long-delayed raise in pay.

When the idea was suggested to the preacher, he declined. "Brothers," he said, "I don't want you to raise my salary any more. I'm having too much trouble raising what you're already paying me."

—JOE CREASON

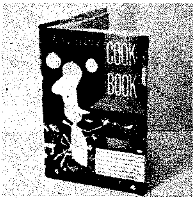
WHEN novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart covered World War I battle zones, her son was serving as an officer behind the lines. After being repeatedly denied permission to visit the front, young Rinehart finally jolted his superiors into action with this reason: "I want to go to the front to visit my mother."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

WHEN THE REDS annexed the Baltic States, our vice consul in Riga requested permission from the State Department to hoist the Amer-

MAGNIFICENT NEW COOK BOOK

For the man with a taste for fine food, and for the woman who wants to be a perfect hostess, here is Esquire's beautiful, unique and practical guide to the best in eating, with over 750 delicious recipes spread over 322 pages. More than 200 illustrations in color. An ideal gift. Only $5.95 ppd. Send check or M.O. to Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19.



ican flag over the Red Cross flag, in order to prevent the looting of Red Cross stores.

The Secretary of State cabled: "No precedent exists for such action."

Whereupon the vice consul climbed the flagpole himself, nailed the Stars and Stripes to it and then cabled the State Department: *"As of this date, I have established precedent."* —SIDNEY FORRESTER MASHBIR, *I Was an American Spy* (Vantage)

AFTER THE WEDDING, the minister patted the groom on the back and told him, "Son, God bless you. You're at the end of all your troubles."

A year or so later, the young husband met the preacher and threatened to horsewhip him.

"What's the matter?" the preacher asked in astonishment.

"When you married me, you told me I was at the end of all my troubles!" the young man cried.

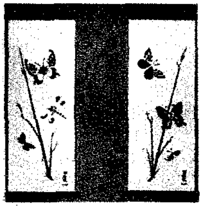
The minister smiled. "Son, I just didn't tell you which end."

—PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution,* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

AT THE SIDE of a highway in New Jersey, a young man stood holding a card that read: "Stop At Joe's." Some 600 yards further on stood another with a sign. His read: "This is Joe." —DAVID DEUTSCH

CHINESE SCROLL WALL HANGINGS

Captured with delicate Far East artistry, "Butterflies in Flight" by Isya Sue, hand printed on parchment. Butterflies glow with radiant color. Lovely pieces paired on a wall, over a lamp, buffet; in the den, etc. 9½"x24". Framed top & bottom. Ea. $2. Set of 2, ea. dif., $3.95 ppd. Excellent Xmas gifts. Money back guar. S. Radin, Dept. C, Box 36632, L. A., Calif.



KNOCKER FOR BATHROOM DOORS

"Hurry," engraved on an unusual brass Colonial knocker, is designed to open doors for you when urgent requests fail! A splendid gift for those with a sense of humor, a temper or a teenager! Measures just 3½" x 2". Amusing and practical, it is only $1.00, ppd. No COD's. Gift boxed. Greenhall, Dept. C-9, 1133 Broadway, N. Y. C. 10.

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Radak Pub., Dept. C-9, 505 5th Ave., NY 17.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

And address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Wholesale Selling Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-V, Lynn, Massachusetts.

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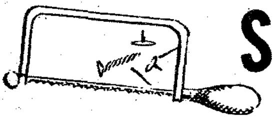
NEED EXTRA CASH? KIT FREE!

Sell Mason Air-Cushion comfort shoes to your friends and folks where you work. 190 styles for men, women—sizes 2½-15, widths AAAA-EEEE. Also leather Jackets. No investment! Many exclusive features; top men make $5-$10 an hour! Rush postcard today for Free Starting Outfit. Mason Shoe, Dept. 434, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

(*Shopping Guide continued on next page*)



SHOPPING GUIDE

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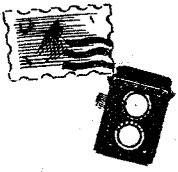

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, Dept. K, 236 R. I. Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

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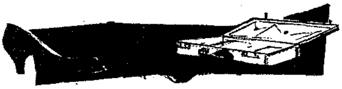

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3c. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

HONEYMOONS. "The Place They Told You About." Newlyweds only. Your own secluded cottage, meals at the Homestead, lots to do but no planned program. Write, mentioning dates, for unique picture story. Farm on the Hill, Box 9C, Swiftwater, Pa.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912C, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

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$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

HARD To Fit? Send now for free catalog of sparkling new styles in shoes for tall girls, narrow shoes, wide shoes. Sizes 3½ to 13, AAAAAA to EEE. From $3.95. Guaranteed to delight! Moccasin-Craft, 46 Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.

LONG Narrow Feet now can order by mail: no *extra chg. for sizes to 12; widths to AAAAAA.* Write today for Free Booklet of beautiful new Autumn styles. Perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

FOR THE MEN

BE Taller. You can be impressively taller, raise your business and social potential. Staturaid shoes help you win new heights in life. Choose elevation you desire. 35 styles. Send for catalog 17. Joseph Burger, M'f'r, 433 E. 148, New York 55, N. Y.

BIG Men! Free folder shows the shoe styles you want in hard-to-find sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! 54,000 satisfied wearers. Money-back Guarantee. Sold by mail only—at amazingly low prices. Write Today to King-Size, 866 Brockton, Mass.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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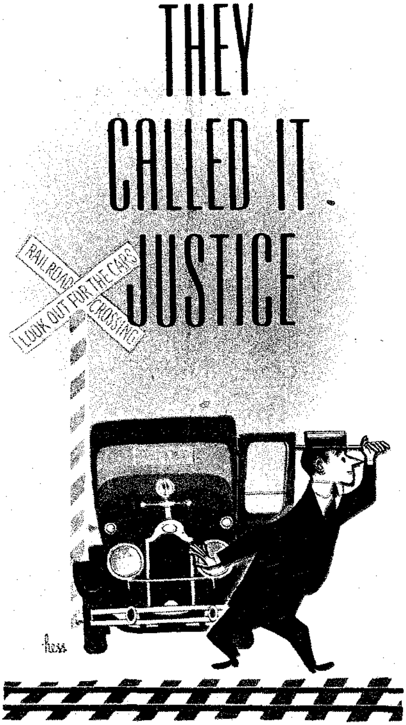
Sizing Up Our States

(*Answer to question on page* 138)

If you correctly ranked the states named on page 138 in the order of their size, your answer is: Calif., Mont., New Mex., Ariz., Nev.

THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE



by Will Bernard

The history of judicial boners is long and colorful. For sheer novelty, consider a decision, handed down in 1927, that almost turned thousands of motorists into human Yo-yos.

The case itself was ordinary enough. An Ohio truck driver was killed by a train at a railroad crossing and his widow sued the company for damages. The court, finding the victim partly to blame, turned down her claim.

But the judge didn't stop there. He went on to proclaim a new rule for railroad crossings where the visibility was less than perfect. He warned motorists:

It's not enough just to look.

And it's not enough to look and listen.

And it's not enough to *stop,* look, and listen.

Henceforth, His Honor decreed, the motorist must stop, climb out of his car, walk forward to the tracks, see that the coast is clear, walk back to his car, and then, finally, he can proceed to drive on across the tracks.

Hurrahs were heard all over the land for the judge's wisdom. But here and there, skeptics got busy with their pencils. Suppose a motorist *did* get out for a look. And suppose it took him 15 seconds to get back to his car and start. In those 15 seconds, an oncoming train might easily have covered a quarter of a mile. The motorist's duty was clear: he must get out and have another look!

The possibilities were startling. At railroad crossings all over the land, obedient motorists might be shuttling back and forth forever—human Yo-yos doomed to eternal oscillation.

Of course few drivers took the judge's dictum literally. Yet, until it was overruled seven years later, it had the nation's legal circles in a dither. For the author of this classic blooper was the most famous judge in American history, Oliver Wendell Holmes—announcing a unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court.

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